THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. MORLEY spoke on Monday evening at St. Helens, and devoted his speech to a plain but very telling narrative of the events which he witnessed at the opening of the proceedings against the defendants in the Tipperary case. His statement, which no one attempts to controvert, ought to be followed by some kind of judicial investigation. But, remembering that the police murders at Mitchelstown are still not only unavenged, but even uninvestigated, we can hardly hope that the less serious brutalities of last week at Tipperary will move MR. BALFOUR from his resolve to back up the Irish police, whether right or wrong, in everything that they may do. The Ministerial organs are bitterly incensed against MR. MORLEY because he has visited Ireland at this critical moment in her history, and some of them indulge in vituperation so extravagant as to be positively ludicrous. But there is good reason for their anger. The testimony borne by MR. MORLEY to the manner in which prosecutions like that now in progress are carried out, and to the provocation offered to the populace by the police, is simply invaluable. All the floods of rhetoric which may be poured forth by Coercionist orators between now and Christmas, will not remove the impression made on every candid mind by MR. MORLEY'S plain and unvarnished account of the things which he himself has seen.

ONE result of MR. BALFOUR'S action on behalf of the landlord organisation in Tipperary has been to stimulate anew the sympathies of the friends of Ireland in the United States. The American Committee for the Relief of the Famine in Ireland has issued an appeal for assistance, couched in impassioned language, and calling to mind the dismal memories of 1847. The movement is declared to be devoid of political significance, and has at its head men of the highest standing in American public life. It would have been an easy matter for those English journals which support the Irish policy of the Government to accept this view of the movement, and thus to prevent its being turned to political account by the Nationalist party on this side of the Atlantic. But this is a policy at once too wise and too simple to be adopted by the advocates of the doomed cause of coercion; so, in the columns of the *Times* of Thursday, the movement for the relief of Irish distress is fiercely attacked as a mere political intrigue, and the men who have appealed on behalf of Ireland to American charity are either turned to ridicule as dupes, or bitterly assailed as something worse. It is difficult to conceive anything more clumsy than this method of trying to counteract the sympathy of the people of the United States with Ireland.

MR. MCKINLEY'S Bill for increasing the cost of living in America, whilst crippling its commerce with foreign countries, has been duly carried. It is a serious matter for other people besides the Americans, and no doubt some industries on this side of the Atlantic will suffer heavily from the ignorance which prevails among the politicians now in power at Washington. But it is of little use to enter into any serious discussion of the MCKINLEY Bill in this country. The more clearly the bungling ineptitude of its authors is exposed, the more forcibly the certain results of their policy are driven home, the more ardently will the average American politician cling to the belief that MR. MCKINLEY *must* be right. It is the chief article in the political faith now in the ascendant at Washington, that nothing can be good which is approved of by English opinion, and that everything must be right of which that opinion disapproves. It is hardly worth while, in these circumstances, for Englishmen to trouble themselves with the proceedings of the politicians who govern the United States as if it were nothing more than an overgrown parish.

IN what light the Bill is regarded in Canada may be gathered from the speeches made at a pic-nic on Wednesday by SIR JOHN MACDONALD, MR. TUPPER, and other leading statesmen. SIR JOHN MACDONALD bluntly declared that the object of the promoters of the Bill was "to have Canada," but both he and the other speakers asserted that, so far from being likely to attain this end, the American politicians had overreached themselves, and would drive Canada further than ever from political association with the States.

THE laws against Socialism in Germany expired at midnight on September 30th. There has been much rejoicing among the German Socialists over the relief which is thus afforded them. At the same time, the fact is generally recognised that they are now put upon their trial, and that the freedom they enjoy through the expiry of the old Anti-Socialist Law depends upon the manner in which they exercise the rights they have once more acquired. The EMPEROR WILLIAM is at present on a visit to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and though the meeting between the two Sovereigns is a private one, having sport for its main object, the German Emperor's entry into Vienna was made the occasion of a very significant demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

WHETHER SIGNOR CRISPI really had the interview with the correspondent of the *Figaro*, an account of which is published by that journal, is perhaps open to question. On the whole, we think that the balance of argument is in favour of the genuineness of the newspaper report. That being so, we gather from the language of the Italian Premier that he is anxious to see a good understanding re-established between France and Italy; that he does not attach so much weight to the Triple Alliance as most Italians do, and that he is, above all, anxious to see a general European disarmament effected. This is an object to gain which a man might well live, and, if need be, die. But in a general disarmament it is literally the first step only which costs. Who is to begin the movement? Everything depends upon that. SIGNOR CRISPI thinks that it is the place of France to take this first step. We should like to know how many Frenchmen agree with him.

THIS has been a busy week in the religious world. The Church Congress is being held at Hull under the presidency of the BISHOP OF DURHAM, the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK being unfortunately prevented by the state of his health from presiding; the Congregational Union has held its autumnal meetings at Swansea; and the Salvation Army has been practising a week of self-denial—a week, that is, in which every member of the Army has given up some luxury

or comfort (in not a few cases some actual necessary of life) in order that the sum it costs may be devoted to religious objects. We have no wish to disparage such gatherings as those at Hull and Swansea. They are of great use in stimulating the religious zeal of the Christian world, and in attracting the attention of the public to the great spiritual and social problems of the day. But, undoubtedly, there is a direct "practicalness" about GENERAL BOOTH'S week of self-denial that does not lose by contrast with the week of debate in which the Church Congress and the Congregational Union are indulging.

LORD PENRHYN seems to be a singularly ill-conditioned and offensive person. Not content with making a speech, the special purpose of which seemed to be to exhibit himself to the people of Wales as the confidential adviser of the PRINCE OF WALES on questions of high policy (a position which we are quite certain he does not hold), he has followed up this outrage upon good taste by another still worse. Being convicted by MR. OSBORNE-MORGAN, in a very temperate letter, of having brought entirely unfounded accusations against that gentleman and other Liberals, including MR. GLADSTONE, he rudely declares that he had not expected to please the Liberal party by his speech, and then, instead of apologising for his misrepresentation of an opponent, shifts his ground and tries to maintain his accusation by other premises. This has been too much, even for the *Times;* and in truth men like LORD PENRHYN are the worst enemies of their own order and party now to be found in England.

THE London County Council seem bent upon taking up the question of the water supply of the metropolis seriously. It could not possibly deal with a more important matter. We are inclined to think that it would have done well at its meeting on Tuesday to fall in with SIR THOMAS FARRER'S proposal that, in the first instance, the question should be left in the hands of a very small committee of experts. But as this proposal savoured, in the minds of some, of a disposition to delay, we can hardly blame the Council for refusing to listen to it. Let it be clearly understood, however, that London is not bound down to any scheme for buying up the present companies. These companies derive an enormous income from purveying in many cases polluted water to the inhabitants of the metropolis. If the County Council can secure for us a better supply, no matter where it may come from, that supply should be brought to our doors without regard to the "vested interests" of the monopolists who have so long ruled us with a rod of iron. The first duty of the County Council is to think of the people of London. The Water Companies may well be left to take care of themselves.

THE Institute of Journalists, which held its first annual meeting at Birmingham at the end of last week, is a body which deserves the warm support of all who are interested in maintaining the dignity of journalism as a calling. At the present moment there is no profession which is so open to being abused as that of the press—as unhappily the police courts too frequently testify. In the old days, when an offender who did not care to reveal his exact position in life was brought before the magistrates, he was generally described as a "labourer." In recent times it would almost seem that "journalist" has taken the place of labourer, and thus an undeserved stigma is cast upon an honest and honourable profession. The Institute of Journalists, besides protecting the interests of journalism, will have a most valuable influence in clearing its ranks from the harpies and impostors who now trade upon a name to which they are not entitled. For this reason, if for no other, we may well hope for the success of the Institute.

MUCH attention is being directed to the case of the convict HARGAN, who was recently sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years for shooting at and killing two men who were molesting him in the streets of London. It is not denied that these men were notoriously bad characters, that they belonged to a gang which was the terror of the neighbourhood in which they lived, and that HARGAN, having protected a woman from their violence, had every reason to apprehend danger to himself from their animosity. The judge before whom he was tried, summed up in favour of a verdict of wilful murder; the jury, however, found one of manslaughter only; whereupon HARGAN received the terrible sentence of penal servitude for twenty years. It will certainly appear to most people that this is a case in which the Home Secretary may well interfere to soften judicial severity of a wholly unreasonable and unnecessary kind. It is no doubt well to discountenance the use of the revolver in our streets, and we need hardly say that the slaying of two men, however bad their characters may be, is a very serious matter. But upon calm reflection we trust that even MR. JUSTICE CHARLES himself will see that the sentence he passed upon HARGAN is not one which is likely to increase popular respect for the administration of the law, or to serve the purpose which he doubtless had in view when he passed it.

THERE was much speculation in the City early in the week as to whether the Directors of the Bank of England would on Thursday raise their rate of discount to 6 per cent., and in the Stock Exchange there was free betting. On one side it was argued that the exports of gold and the outflow of coin to the provinces made it necessary for the Directors to protect their reserve. In fact, the Directors were charging 6 per cent. for loans, and 5½ per cent. for discounts, and in the outside market from 5 to 5¼ per cent. was the discount rate, while as much as 6 and 6¼ per cent. was paid for loans upon Consols. The Directors, however, decided to make no change. Possibly they have reason to believe that the exports are now about to cease, and they may desire also to see whether an effective 5 per cent. rate will attract gold from abroad. As yet the exports greatly exceed the imports, in the week ended Wednesday night the excess being more than half a million, but the foreign exchanges are moving in favour of this country, and before long the imports may largely increase.

THE Stock Markets have been less anxious this week than last, and there has been more speculation for the rise. It is recognised that the alarmist rumours current last week were greatly exaggerated, and it is hoped that no failures of any magnitude will occur. Besides, it is now thought probable that the difficulties in New York are at an end. The stringency, at all events, has terminated, and the fall in stocks has apparently been checked. It would seem that the speculators for the rise have taken courage, and that there is a struggle going on between them and the speculators for the fall. At the same time money is growing dearer upon the Continent. The Imperial Bank of Germany at the end of last week raised its rate of discount to 5 per cent., and although the Bank of France still keeps its rate at 3 per cent., money is in strong demand upon the Bourse, where the monthly settlement is now going on. Very much recovery, therefore, does not seem probable just yet. The more cautious operators are inclined to watch events before engaging in fresh risks. On the Stock Exchange there was a recovery when the Bank rate was not raised, but prices soon fell away again.

MR. MORLEY AND MR. BALFOUR.

THERE is no reason for anyone to feel surprised at the extreme bitterness with which Mr. Morley has been assailed by the Ministerial journals because of his speech at St. Helens last Monday. Whatever else Mr. Morley may or may not be, he is known to be a man whose word is absolutely to be trusted; he is known also to be the very opposite of a sentimental rhetorician—a man upon whose coolness of judgment and clearness of observation friends and foes may alike rely. Such being his character, the speech in which he told the story of the police outrages at Tipperary cannot but be felt by the Government and their supporters to be the heaviest blow which has yet been struck at Mr. Balfour's system of governing Ireland. It is not surprising that they have been staggered by it, or that some among them have lost their heads and have made themselves positively ridiculous by their display of impotent fury. For our part, we can only express the hope that every elector in the United Kingdom will read that speech for himself, and decide after reading it whether the system which it exposes so completely is one which he can ever again uphold by his vote. That it is a system of organised provocation, and intentional brutality, can hardly be denied, even by Mr. Balfour's most devoted admirer; that it relies for support upon officers whose one idea is to "put down" the common rights of citizenship in Ireland, and upon magistrates who regard themselves not as independent ministers of justice but as the mere agents of the Executive, are points which are hardly less clearly established. It is an odious system, which every Englishman would be ready to denounce unreservedly if its victims were Frenchmen or Russians. It is only because those victims happen to be Irishmen, and because the fate of the present Ministry is bound up with the maintenance of the system itself, that a word is heard in its favour now.

We need not follow Mr. Morley through his strong indictment of Mr. Balfour's methods in Ireland; for nothing that can be said here can add to the force of the words spoken at St. Helens. There are, however, one or two points, barely touched upon by Mr. Morley, which demand consideration. And in the first place, it is painfully obvious that, even from the Conservative point of view, Mr. Balfour has committed one of those blunders which are criminal in their character. Some of Mr. Morley's critics affect to be angry with him because he has been in Ireland at all at this critical moment in the history of the country. "It is no place for an ex-Chief Secretary," they declare. This only means that they are conscious of the unfavourable comparison which is offered to Mr. Morley by a Chief Secretary who wilfully absents himself, at such a time as the present, from the country he is supposed to govern. Mr. Balfour has often shown a cynical contempt for public opinion; but even his hardihood will scarcely enable him to brave the universal feeling which now pronounces him guilty of a flagrant failure in his duty. No intelligent man can pretend to believe that it is possible for an official in the Chief Secretary's position to do his work efficiently under the conditions which Mr. Balfour imposes upon himself. Even if Ireland were in a state of profound tranquillity, if there were no Home Rule movement, no land war, no Plan of Campaign, the continuous absence of the Chief Secretary from his post, for months at a stretch, would be a grave public scandal. But when we see that this absentee ruler has seen fit to order the arrest of a whole batch of the most popular of the Irish members, and the commencement of a great process at law, in which many of the best-beloved of the Irish leaders are involved, without troubling himself to have even half an hour's personal consultation with any one of the agents of the Government who know by actual observation what is happening in Ireland, we find it difficult to give adequate expression to our sense of the scandalous nature of the proceeding. Mr. Balfour, at all events, cannot escape from one or other of these alternatives: either Irish affairs are not in so serious a condition as to justify this prosecution of the Irish members, or they are so serious that his prolonged neglect of his duties in Dublin Castle is personally discreditable to him.

There is, however, another blunder on his part which, even from the Ministerial point of view, must be considered almost a crime. The movement for the establishment of New Tipperary may be all that the landlords and their partisans declare it to be—a criminal attempt to found a conspiracy against Mr. Smith-Barry on a system of wholesale intimidation. If Mr. Balfour could satisfy the English people that this was the case, he would undoubtedly strike a heavy blow at the popular movement in Ireland. But in order to convince reasonable Englishmen of the truth of the charge which the landlords make against the League, the Chief Secretary must know that it will be necessary to have those charges investigated by a tribunal of unimpeachable character for independence and impartiality. But what does Mr. Balfour do? He does not even take the most ordinary pains in order to secure for the defendants at Tipperary a tribunal which reasonable Englishmen might regard with a fair amount of confidence. He sends them before two removable magistrates whose names have already become notorious in connection with proceedings against the leading Irish Nationalists—one of whom seems to have been a kind of itinerant judge specially commissioned to try Mr. O'Brien wherever, whenever, and upon whatsoever charge he might be arrested; and the other of whom was actually engaged as an executive officer on one of the occasions which form the subject of the present indictment. It is impossible to conceive of a greater blunder than this if Mr. Balfour is really hoping to produce some effect upon public opinion, to gain some moral influence among the people of England, by the proceedings at Tipperary. We put aside for the moment the grave charges which the defendants have made against one of the magistrates. Even if these charges were entirely unfounded, we do not hesitate to say that an adverse judgment, and a sentence of imprisonment, coming from Messrs. Irwin and Shannon, can have no real influence on public opinion in England. A conviction by such a tribunal will have no more moral weight than a conviction by a drumhead court martial in a country in which the ordinary law has been suspended, and in which the judges and the accusers are practically the same.

This is a blunder which the most ordinary prudence—we may say, the slightest amount of common sense—on the part of the Chief Secretary, would have enabled him to avoid. There cannot have been any legitimate reason for choosing these particular magistrates as the persons before whom Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and the other defendants were to be arraigned. Surely, if Mr. Balfour did not venture to allow the defendants to be tried by a jury, he might at least have found judges for them in whom Englishmen would have reposed confidence. Instead of doing this he has shown once more his singular contempt for public opinion, and that curious lack of tact which has already made his attempt to "settle the Irish question" the ghastliest of failures, and which will be punished at the next General Election by the expulsion of himself and his party from power. There are still people in this country who

profess to admire Mr. Balfour and his methods; there are still newspapers which applaud him as a brilliant and successful administrator; but not even the most courageous of these persons and newspapers will venture to deny that in the latest acts for which he is responsible he has blundered more deeply, hopelessly, and inexcusably than any one of the men who have preceded him in the office he now holds. If he were anybody but the Prime Minister's nephew, and if he had not irrevocably committed the Cabinet of which he is a member to his own insensate policy, he would never be permitted to hold that office for another week.

LORD WOLSELEY IN IRELAND.

ON Thursday last Lord Wolseley took over command of the twenty-eight thousand soldiers whom John Bull maintains (at an annual cost of three millions sterling) to "see fair" between the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Irish people. Some time ago, a rumour went the round of Society that his term at the Horse Guards had been prolonged for two years more. The story was not improbable in itself; for, if his periods of Egyptian service are excluded, he has served not much more than eight years in the consecutive offices of Quartermaster- and Adjutant-General. But the *canard* failed to serve the purpose of its invention: it did not beget its own fulfilment. "The Royal Boy" (as the Headquarters' Staff affectionately call their august head) had seen the gates of Paradise open before him, and down went his heavy foot upon the threshold, so as to prevent their again slamming in his face. The hour was at hand for which he had prayed during many a year of worry and work and gout. Wolseley was to go; go he must; and gone he is. It is a noteworthy particular in the puzzling and inharmonious career of our only general, that whilst by the vagaries of recent years he has managed to alienate the friendship of whatever is sound and progressive in public opinion, he has not in one iota abated the aversion of those reactionary forces against which it was once the grateful task of Liberalism to protect him. The Duke's party in the army, the military clubs, and "Sassiety" at large, detest him as cordially at this moment as they did on the day when at the United Service Club banquet, and in his own presence, Sir Frederick Roberts was put up to recite a vitriolic oration again Wolseleyism—which, by the way, had been in type for days in the offices of all the anti-Wolseley newspapers—an oration which, in point of taste, can fitly be compared only with the speech delivered by Lord Wolseley himself at Oxford a year or two ago, in the presence of Mr. Bryce, in which he characterised that gentleman and his political colleagues as "a set of political schemers who would willingly see this United Kingdom torn into pieces if only they should once again flourish in Downing Street."

Nobody seems to care very much whether Lord Wolseley goes or stays—not even the party of military reform. These latter have found a new and keener brain in Henry Brackenbury, and in Redvers Buller they believe themselves to possess a champion against the Ducal party whose little finger is thicker than Lord Wolseley's two legs. Not even the excitable Irish themselves seem much stirred at his advent. The *Irish Times* gives a perfunctory *résumé* of the gallant achievements of his youth; and the *Freeman* confines itself to carefully noting that the staff officers who are to meet him on the pier are to wear frock-coats, cocked hats, and white gloves. And yet there can be no doubt that Her Majesty's Government, in some vague way, intend the appointment as a political *coup*—an answer to Irish complaints of neglect and ill-usage. Neglect! ill-usage! Why, here is one of the snuggest berths in the Queen's service—a berth not disdained by a mediatised German prince—actually given away free, gratis, for nothing, to a general who is every inch an Irishman. "*Is* he not every inch an Irishman?" they seem to ask us with petulant insistence; to which we would reply:—Yes, every inch a stage Irishman—an Irishman of Charles Lever's novel, of Dion Boucicault's melodrama; but, looking to the circumstances of the present political situation, quite the worst kind of Irishman who could have been chosen. We do not suggest that if Her Majesty's Government were bent on sending an Irish general, they should have chosen a Home Ruler. That, indeed, would have been hard. There is only one Irish general of any distinction who is a Home Ruler, and to him Mr. Stanhope has assigned an honourable and important command elsewhere. But why an Irishman at all? Her Majesty's Government might at least have chosen a man as colourless as the princely native of Bushey Park, with the strange German name, who has just quitted Ireland in charity with all men. Better, surely, a nonentity than the anti-Irish Irishman, who has scarcely ever opened his mouth in public during the last four years without letting fall some harum-scarum puerility against Home Rule, or Democracy, or the motives of Her Majesty's Opposition—an Irishman whom Carlyle, with the uncanny insight of a dying Caledonian, named as the man best fitted to overthrow Parliamentary institutions by military violence—an Irishman of whom Johnston of Ballykillbeg felt justified in telling the Orangemen of Dungannon that he, "and over one thousand other officers of the British army, had expressed their determination to throw up their commissions and lead the Loyalists of Ulster." (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 7, 1886.)

If at any time during what remains of this Administration, Ministers deem it necessary to take steps against the Irish people of so elaborate a kind as to involve the personal intervention of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, these, and a hundred other matters, will infallibly be raked up, with the inevitable consequence of implicating the army itself in the miserable controversies of contemporary faction, and perhaps driving the bulk of the soldiery into that mental frame of frenzied and dangerous irritation which characterises Colonel Caddell's police. The Wolseley appointment, it should be noted, is not the first but the second realisation of the brilliant idea which has prompted it. The selection of another Irishman, Lord Londonderry, as Lord Lieutenant was based on the same perverse mental ingenuity. Was he not, as Tory writers told the Irish, the descendant of the most brilliant of Irish statesmen, Lord Castlereagh? Above all, did not Fred Archer, the demon-jockey, hold his lordship's retainer? Sport, and not politics, was what the Irishman really cared for. Give him that, and he was England's friend for ever. Once let him feast his eyes on the sight of Fred Archer carrying the Londonderry colours home to victory at Punchestown, and John Dillon might blow his brains out. Unfortunately, it was Archer who blew his brains out; and as for the Castlereagh part of the argument, the Irish knew enough about that modern Athenian to be aware that he could never have been the ancestor of anything.

On the whole, we are willing to make the Government a present of the prophecy that Lord Wolseley's appointment will do as much towards a solution of the Irish question as did the selection of Lord Londonderry and his ill-starred horse-jockey.

THE CASE OF THE TRAMWAY MEN.

THE National Conference of Tramway Workers which assembled at Birmingham at the end of last week marks a distinct advance in the organisation of this branch of unskilled labour. It is, however, significant of the spirit of the "New Unionism" that this "nationalisation" of the Trade Union is, in the present case, regarded rather as an instrument for the education of town councillors and Parliamentary candidates than as the weapon of a strike. A universal tramway strike could, indeed, be nothing but the last outcome of despair—the English analogue of the Hindoo creditor voluntarily starving himself on his debtor's doorstep. Long as are the hours of the tramway conductor, his normal pay of three or four shillings a day would be sufficient to attract a crowd of what the Australian capitalist press euphemistically terms "freemen," whose "freedom" to work excessive hours coerces the existing staff to do the same. London and the decaying rural villages, the docks and the casual ward, always contain enough "out of works" and restless spirits who could be bribed on to the lines even for long hours. Few of them would be able to keep up a steady sixteen hours' day for any length of time, but meanwhile the back of the strike would have been fatally broken. In the case of absolutely unskilled employment, proficiency in which can be acquired in one trial trip, the old weapon of the Trade Unionist breaks in his hand.

In the case of the tramway servant the main instrument of the New Unionist is equally useless. Mrs. Besant won the humble victory of the match girls through the power of public sympathy, through a wave of the "passion of pity" that swept for a moment over all classes alike.

The dockers triumphed under Messrs. Burns, Tillett, and Mann because public opinion in the blackleg's own class made him a moral leper, and the Australians bribed him to virtue with a shilling a day. In these cases no obvious inconvenience was caused to the great mass of the people. Matches were still to be bought for next to nothing in the streets while Bryant and May's girls were "at play." Tea did not rise in price, sugar did not disappear from the grocers' shops, the sale of rum continued to excite Mr. Goschen's pleased surprise, throughout the whole cloudless three months of John Burns' stirring orations on Tower Hill. But the stoppage of London's tramway service would mean the daily discomfort of millions. The huge cities of workmen's dwellings which have lately grown up all round London depend largely for very existence on their tramway communications with the centre. The dense masses who morning and evening throng the cars of the City Road and the Elephant and Castle, or the great arteries of traffic penetrating into Peckham or Brixton, would be hard put to it to reach their employment in time if the trams were stopped by the pickets. The millions to whom on Sundays the tramway furnishes a means of escape from the grimy city would be equally embittered. The spirit of solidarity is now strong enough among the workers to ensure a formal support of a tram strike by every Trade Union in the kingdom. But it would not be in human nature cordially to endure, day after day, the very serious trouble which a general "tie up" of the London tramways must inevitably create. In such circumstances even the strongest Union would be powerless.

Yet the grievances of the tramway servants are precisely of that specific and definite character which we all, nowadays, regard as justifying even the *ultima ratio* of the industrial conflict. Whatever we think of the Eight Hours' Day, no one—not even a tramway shareholder—can be found to defend a Sixteen Hours' Day. Magistrate after magistrate has denounced from the Bench the grossly tyrannical conditions of the contract of service into which these "free citizens" enter. The fines and other arbitrary exactions to which they "voluntarily" submit are only saved from absolute illegality by the imperfect drafting of the Truck Act. The persistent efforts of philanthropists, the repeated attacks of the pulpit and the press, have failed to produce any appreciable effect on the shareholders' consciences. The man who can expect the "moralisation," in their business capacity, of a board of tramway directors must now, indeed, seem an optimistic visionary beside whom the authors of "Looking Backward" or the "Fabian Essays" are but sober prophets of an early day.

It is not that the tramway industry pays badly. During the last twenty years more and more capital has been steadily attracted to this branch of locomotion, and the mileage open has, since 1880, nearly trebled. The statistics quoted at Birmingham were, as is usual with round numbers, somewhat exaggerated, but the Board of Trade returns for 1889 show total receipts, for 949 miles of line, of £2,980,224, against working expenses of £2,266,681, leaving a net profit on the year's working of £713,543. This amounts to an average of over five and a quarter per cent. on the entire capital, or an average dividend on the share capital of about six per cent. This average marks, however, some very big dividends in the larger companies, off-set by lower rates in other cases where the stock has been unduly "watered," or otherwise manipulated. The most important company, and in many ways the worst offender of them all, is the "North Metropolitan," which owns one-third of the London mileage, and serves the greater part of the Metropolis north of the Thames. This Leviathan, with its 350 licensed cars, has for years paid a dividend of between nine and ten per cent. The remainder of London's tramway communication is divided among ten smaller companies, who make, notwithstanding their disputes and unnecessary divisions, an average profit of about five per cent on their entire nominal capital.

The fact is that the long hours and general ill-treatment in the tramway service are really a part of its character as a new industry. The coal-miners, in the early development of England's main source of mineral wealth, suffered quite as many grievances as the tramway conductors. The horrors of the white slavery which made the fortunes of Lancashire have become terribly familiar to us. The reckless sacrifice of seamen's lives that marked the first expansion of the world's commerce is less widely known, though no less real. In all these cases we have slowly built up a wall of protection of the weak against the worst excesses of the strong. By a series of reactions of public opinion upon law, and then of the law upon public opinion; of Trade Unions securing legislative help, and that legislation further helping Trade Union action, the coal-hewers and the textile operatives have been raised from their degradation and placed among the very aristocracy of labour. In other trades where the "Labour Code" is less effective, the social improvement has been less marked. Especially is this backwardness noticeable in the industries which are still relatively in an early stage of development, as is the case also in those Continental countries which are only just beginning to imitate our legislative action. The worst horrors of the so-called "sweating system" in the tailoring and some other trades are the accompaniment of their slow passage from the "small" to the "great" industry. The recent

colliery strikes in Belgium revealed a condition of unrestrained competitive horrors only to be matched in "Germinal," or the scarcely less telling pages of the reports of the Royal Commissions prior to the Mines Regulation Act. The tramway service in 1890 is still in its infancy, and is, moreover, as completely unregulated by law as Lancashire was before the Factory Act, or Northumberland before 1842.

It is, however, probable that the tramways will pass almost directly into the stage of "municipalisation," without lingering in that of mere public regulation. Over thirty municipalities already own the lines within their respective districts, and public opinion appears to be running rapidly in this direction. It is well known that the London County Council is inclined to take over the Metropolitan lines as the statutory concessions expire, and the first of these runs out next year. Public ownership, even without public administration, already enables the Glasgow Corporation to insist on a maximum ten hours' day for its tramway workers, ensured by a stipulation in its lease of the lines. But direct public administration at Huddersfield goes a step further, the tramway employés of the Huddersfield Town Council enjoying already an eight hours' day. Here is one practical method by which the wage-earners, as municipal electors, can secure their ends by less barbarous methods than industrial war. Where industry is carried on, not for private profit, but for the public convenience, it is obviously for the collective public to determine the conditions of employment. A labour revolt against a town council elected by a labour vote is an obvious absurdity. In all such cases the ballot box logically replaces the strike, and industrial peace, no longer tottering in the unstable equilibrium of the "labour war," rests at last securely "broad based upon the people's will," which even the most turbulent of industrial demagogues learns not to gainsay.

CHURCH BY TELEPHONE.

IT is not a new idea, as the daily newspapers seem to imagine, to bring the services of the church into our homes by means of the telephone. Years ago Mr. Louis Crossley, of Halifax, established this medium between his house and a chapel, and Dr. Talmage is said to have been anxious at one time to use the same machinery of ministration between his pulpit in New York and the sick-beds of the faithful. In America there is a pre-eminent genius for adapting mechanical inventions to multifarious uses; but, so far as we know, though the telephone is employed by Americans to an extent unimagined in this country, though it ministers in various ways to the loquacity and convenience of the most talkative race in the world, though it serves to call a cab, or spread a scandal, or give the signal for a *coup* in Wall Street, it is not the thread which enables the human spirit, wandering Theseus-like in the dark labyrinth of worldly guile, to find its way back to safety and daylight. We hear much of the conversation which can be carried on by telephone over great distances. London can talk with Manchester. A provincial listener can enjoy an opera which is performed in a metropolitan theatre. In "Looking Backward" Mr. Bellamy thoughtfully provides the people who have the good fortune to live a hundred years hence, with the best music, which can be turned on by telephone as easily as gas. But, apparently, our posterity do not care to hear sermons in the same way. To-day, nobody suggests that the discussions of the Church Congress ought to be poured into every civilised home like water from the main. That is a pity, for the annual exercises of the ecclesiastical mind might be much better appreciated if they could be conveyed in their original tones straight to the ear of a careless but curious public. In the library of every educated citizen there is a judicious assortment of literature, a delicate division between the spiritual and the profane—a distinction which enables the mind to turn to the particular shelf for the precise stimulus which it needs at the moment. But consider how admirably this responsible office of discrimination might be performed by the telephone! Turning to a number of discs marked respectively, let us say, "Serious," "Sportive," and "Miscellaneous," the citizen might find relief from every care that besets him. The sordid worries of business might be dissipated by the last comic song, the pressure of domestic distractions relieved by a scene from the Lyceum or the Garrick, the stings of speculative unrest checked by the eloquent optimism of the pulpit.

But here the regular church-goer will interpose with a serious difficulty. It is not too easy in these times to induce men to attend a place of worship. Many who go are taken there by the affectionate discipline of their womankind; and any excuse for wandering from this path of spiritual excellence is eagerly and furtively snatched at by the domestic backslider. We are afraid that religious instruction by telephone would scarcely commend itself to the gentle guardians of the household, who would not sit in the family pew with any solid conviction that husband, son, or brother was listening at home with serious attention to the inspiring sounds from church. And, indeed, those sounds might seem too distant to be actual. The eye—that incorrigible absentee—might easily be tempted to wander to the entertaining novel or the absorbing Sunday journal. Nature herself would conspire against the preacher, and the panorama from the windows would teem with suggestions, against which the pulpit echoes might struggle in vain. Then the listener would probably smoke, and tobacco has a habit of starting trains of thought and fancy absolutely foreign to the task in hand. Goodness knows what images of scepticism might not frame themselves in the curling vapour, like the goblin who came out of the box in the Arabian tale. Above all, the mastering influence of the preacher's personality would be lost. Who would have cared to hear Liddon by telephone? What imagination could picture the glow of conviction which inspired the orator, and caught the spirit of the congregation like an encircling flame? How could the telephone fill the mind with the atmosphere of an imposing fane, or the charm of the simplest tabernacle? Few of us have such power of concentration that we can engage in the act of worship without the co-operation of all the faculties, and the response of physical as well as spiritual fibre to the touch of a large assemblage. The average man is not made of the stuff of hermits. He cannot lose himself in solitary contemplation. He needs the restraint of decorum in a consecrated place as well as the stimulus of the general devotion. Left to the care of the telephone, his attention would wander like a child's, and the first knock at the street door would be hailed as a relief instead of being reprobated as an intrusion.

On the other hand, we can conceive that church by telephone might be a spiritual influence of singular potency. On the comfort it would bring to the bedside of the dying we need not dwell. To them there is almost sufficient ministration in the imminence of the great enlightenment. But to the man who has laboured all the week, and to whom even Sunday brings no absolute rest, there might be some soothing

magic in the melody of praise, and the solemnity of exhortation, stealing in upon his hour of mental toil. Then he might be carried back to those early, happier days when the complexities of life had not perplexed his thought, and when the harmonies of worship, however conventional, had attuned his fancy. He might call up the figure of the teacher who first quickened his sense of the moral beauty of religion without piercing his reason with the asperities of ecclesiastical dogma. Once more the simple tenets of the Christian faith, unclouded by the perversity of priestly ambition, unmangled by the wars of sects, no longer mocked by the crimes of persecution, nor scarred by the irony of history, might resume their sway over his mind. That sentiment of reverence which is the flower of the soul might bloom again. Newman has some words of subdued scorn in one of his sermons for the typical religion of the Englishman, who regards the Church of England as a national institution, and is satisfied if solemn things are treated with decorum. But this simply means that no power will ever envelope the majority of our people in the complications of a dogmatic belief so saturated with earthly alloy that its inspiration is manifestly more political than divine, the outcome of centuries of ecclesiastical statecraft, and not of the teaching in Galilee. No controversy of this kind need torment the man who listens in his own room to the service of devotion which is celebrated in church or chapel. He is free from that strain on the gravity which is imposed by parsons who have mistaken their vocation, who expound an empty formula, or exalt some eccentricity of outward observance at the expense of real emotion. Above all, he can cut himself off at the right moment from forms which have become meaningless by repetition, or from extemporaneous musings which are the reverberations of vacancy. How many of us would often give much if the whole service in church were suddenly suspended, so that we might ponder in silence one or two words which have penetrated the innermost recesses of our souls! It would be a blessing to still the telephone at such a crisis, or to turn off the sermon which threatened to be prosy. But we suspect that these advantages would not be convincing on the whole to the clergy of any denomination, and that by some the telephone would even be regarded as the evil instrument of an anarchic agitation against pew-rents.

THE BENWELL MURDER.

THERE is every element of sensation in the singular trial which was concluded at Woodstock, in Ontario, this week. The mystery surrounding the fate of the murdered man, the dramatic incidents connected with it, the position of the accused, the ingenious perfidy of the crime alleged, the conduct of the trial, the mobs in court, the jaunty callousness of the prisoner (who sat sketching the audience about him), the multitudes of people who streamed into the town at dawn on the last day of the trial, and even fought with the police for entrance to the Court-house—all these circumstances combined, not perhaps to render the tragedy more impressive, but to add to the excitement of the scene. Few people, however, are likely to differ from the verdict. The facts themselves are simple enough. Birchall, a young Englishman of the upper-middle class, having failed to distinguish himself at Oxford, went out to Canada to make his living by farming. In the autumn of last year he opened negotiations by letter with an English gentleman of the name of Benwell, stating that he was then in possession of a farm in Ontario, and that he wished for a partner to join him. Ultimately Mr. Benwell decided to send out his son to learn farming on the terms which Birchall proposed. The younger Benwell accordingly arrived in America, took up his quarters with Birchall and his wife, and, within a short time of his arrival, was found dead in a swamp not far from the Niagara Falls. The arrest of Birchall on a charge of murdering his friend and pupil followed, and, after a long and sensational trial, he has been found guilty of the crime.

The peculiar villiany of the transaction lies in the consideration, which it is difficult to resist, that Birchall deliberately formed the scheme of decoying young men from England on the pretence of teaching them farming, in order to murder them on their arrival, to conceal their deaths from their relatives in England, and to live on the remittances sent to them from home. One hopes, for the sake of human nature, that this theory may not be true. But it seems to be borne out by two significant facts. As soon as Benwell arrived, Birchall began to practise imitating his signature, and after his death he wrote to Mr. Benwell in England, asking for money, and wantonly stated that in future young Benwell intended to write his letters home with a typewriter and not with his own hand. The evidence on which Birchall was condemned alleged this motive for his action, and that theory the jury apparently believed. Apart from the question of motive, and apart from the fact that one or two small articles belonging to the dead man were found in Birchall's possession, the case for the prosecution turned on the question of identity alone. Witness after witness was called to prove the identity of Birchall with the companion in whose company the murdered man was last seen, walking, on the 17th February, towards the lonely swamp where his corpse was found four days later. Some of these witnesses were shaken in cross-examination, but the weight of their testimony decided the case. The weakness of the defence, moreover, tended to confirm the charge. The theatrical conduct of the counsel for the defence could scarcely have commanded sympathy, and the theory on which he rested seemed continually to shift.

At one moment the defence seemed to be trying to prove that the murdered man was not Benwell; at another, that Birchall was seen at Woodstock at the very time when he was occupied elsewhere in carrying out his crime; at another, that the murder was committed later than the date alleged. The only consistent aim of the counsel for the defence seems to have been to discredit, somehow or other, the witnesses for the prosecution, and to protest, a little noisily, his own disbelief in his client's guilt. At any rate, the jury unanimously decided that none of the defences suggested was compatible with fact.

People have hesitated to believe in Birchall's guilt, partly because of the deep depravity which it implies, and partly because there is always a reluctance to believe a man of some standing and of good education capable of the worst form of crime. Unfortunately, this hideous story shows not that education lessens the probability of crime, but that it renders it easier, and its expedients more ingenious. What strikes one most is the quiet callousness of the murderer. It was not an act of savagery, or of personal spite, but rather the act of a man who, not otherwise repulsive or unamiable, had let himself drift into a position in which desperate courses seemed to him the easiest way of getting a living, and to those desperate courses he turned, without caring much what steps they

necessitated, and with sheer indifference to the guilt involved. It is the utter absence of a moral sense, the profound selfishness in the man, which impress one. Had any better means of subsistence offered, probably Birchall would not have contemplated crime. But as he had to make an income somehow, and this diabolical scheme occurred, he adopted it apparently as a matter of business, without any sense of remorse. Only an educated man who had taught himself to think anything allowable which might make his life more comfortable, and had long subordinated to that feeling every moral impulse in him, could have conceived and executed such a plan. One cannot help hoping under the circumstances that none of that sensibility towards extraordinary criminals which of late has been too often manifested in England will interpose between the convict and his punishment. The penalty to which he is condemned may be one which civilised nations ought to abolish; but while it exists, it should not be arbitrarily suspended because the criminal's station or depravity has made his trial the sensation of a week.

SOME PERSONAL NOTES FROM THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

AT the annual grand or Imperial manœuvres held each year in Germany, the Emperor is able to entertain many personal friends in a manner more agreeable and useful to both parties than at his official residence. The life one must perforce lead at field operations so serious and persistent as those of the German army, partakes largely of that in real war under the most favourable conditions of the quarter-master's department, and incidentally permits of much informal converse between men whose official relations might otherwise keep them prudently apart.

William II. is the first German Emperor to comprehend fully the power at his disposal in this respect, and to make full use of it. He does so in the fashion of a Hohenzollern—makes no pretensions in the way of show, invites his guests to share his fortunes in a "merry war," treats them frankly as comrades, gives them the best which the neighbourhood can supply, shows his genuine desire to furnish them an agreeable experience, and dismisses them with the conviction that in Germany at least monarchy is a real thing.

This year the conspicuous guests came from England: Admiral Hornby with two adjutants at the naval manœuvres on the Baltic, and the Duke of Connaught with a staff of four at the two manœuvres on the Russian border. As the Emperor speaks English fluently, the naval contingent suffered in nowise in their intercourse with their host, though as regards their fellow-guests it was at times awkward to have no German small talk at command. This was, however, never to my knowledge spoken of unkindly by any German officer, all other feelings being suppressed by those of satisfaction in having amongst them a sailor whom they so generously admired as the gallant Admiral.

The favourite compliment I heard was that he looked the Nelson from head to foot—cool, practical, self-possessed, simple, courteous: in short, the attributes which the German soldier prizes most highly for being those of his beloved Moltke. The likeness of Moltke to Hornby, by the way, is remarkable—at least, the Moltke of twenty years ago.

At a naval manœuvre covering a week's time, a good part of which was spent in the saddle with a large number of high naval officers from Austria as well as Germany, Admiral Hornby had opportunity to astonish his colleagues in a least expected manner. It was not much to remark that he rode better than any sailor in the field, for some of the Austrians could not keep company with their mounts, let alone ride them. Officers in cavalry regiments repeatedly burst out in praise of the gallant admiral's riding; his easy hunting seat, the perfect understanding between the bit-end and the finger-end of his reins, the grace with which horse and rider lifted over the many fences and ditches that abound in that country—in fine, some went so far as to deplore the fact of his having gone into the navy, adding, "What a cavalry leader! Mein Gott!"

Moltke and Blumenthal came as spectators; the first now too old to appear in the saddle; the second still able to mount with difficulty. Both carry themselves like soldiers who have not aggravated the ravages of time by the follies of self-indulgence. Their skin is as clear as that of a child, and their manners as simple and hearty. Moltke lived aboard the *Hohenzollern*, and received at the Emperor's hands every attention which a father might expect from an affectionate son.

One morning at about half-past three our little steamer was approaching land in the neighbourhood of Düppel, on whose heights the Prussians fought the decisive and bloody battle that settled the war with Denmark in 1864. Blumenthal was chief of staff at that time, and to him, perhaps more than to any other one man, was due the splendid victory which Prussian arms achieved on that memorable day. Approaching this spot once more, and under such changed circumstances, his emotions must have been as deep as those of Wellington revisiting the field of Waterloo. His expression of these emotions was, however, characteristic of his dry yet genial nature. We were alone by the pilot-house. It was cold and dark, but not too dark to let me note the twinkle of his bright eyes as he said very slowly, looking me full in the face, "Twenty-six years ago we did some fighting here; and it was very hard work for us. We fought then with balls and bayonets; to-day they make me fight with a knife and fork." Then, after a musing pause, he continued, as drily as ever, "I think I prefer the old way!"

After the Baltic manœuvres, Admiral Hornby returned home; the Imperial headquarters hurried by special train to the Russian borders, and the Duke of Connaught made his appearance in a very becoming Hussar uniform. During the whole of his stay he was the recipient of unusual courtesy, and even his suite of four, of whom only one ventured to expose his acquaintance with German speech, were made to feel that even without words the brotherhood of the Germanic race could show itself in sympathy, if only by the clinking of a glass.

The Duke of Connaught looks soldier-like, and this in itself goes a long way in Germany to create a favourable first impression. The Prince of Wales was not equally successful on the occasion of his last visit, although his well-known good taste and charm of manner went far to make this point immaterial. It is a mistake to imagine that Germans seek only compliments for their military institutions. To be sure, they resent malevolent generalisations under this head—as who would not?—but nothing gives them greater pleasure than to discuss with officers of other countries differing methods of accomplishing the same result. They know their own shortcomings, and have by no means resigned themselves to the delusion that they have nothing more to learn. For this reason the presence of an English Prince, reputed in his own army as an officer of insight and force, meant to Germans a compliment of the most delicate kind. At this time, too, when the British army in India must feel prepared to take an active part in the next European war, it is of no small importance that such a soldier as the Duke of Connaught should be a witness to the splendid capacities of the modern German cavalry.

As keen a critic as the Duke was a guest from Russia, Colonel Zerpizky, the famous commander of

the Viborg Regiment, of which his Imperial host is honorary chief. The Russian colonel looks less than forty, bears in his face and manner every indication of physical courage and coolheadedness, and suggests strongly the late cavalry general of the American civil war, "Phil" Sheridan. It was of this regiment that the *Standard* concocted the silly tale that the German Emperor while at Narva was taken prisoner while attempting to lead it into an impossible position. Colonel Zerpizky is destined for a high command on the outbreak of war, and it would be hard to name another living man who could say with him that he has spent eight years of his life in actual campaigning in the presence of the enemy. Naturally he was much solicited for the expression of an opinion on many of the operations of the German troops, but I doubt whether many of his questioners went away satisfied. The Russian was either too well bred or too diplomatic to say more than what might pass for the compliment of a generous spectator. But many a time did I hear one of the foreign attachés present remark, "I wish I knew what that Russian really thinks!"

The presence of the Emperor of Austria was of course of the greatest interest to Germany, as emphasising still further the warm friendship binding the courts of Berlin and Vienna; nor did the German Emperor lose a single opportunity of making his Austrian guest feel the genuineness of his protestations. What this means will be better appreciated by such as can compare the meeting of this year with similar occasions in past seasons.

The German Emperor himself was in the best of health, and had such colour in his cheeks as he has not had in many a long day. He receives in his own country so much tawdry flattery from papers that have been trained in the Bismarckian conception of official journalism that anything that can be said of him by an independent observer must perforce seem tame.

His most striking peculiarity, as he moves about a room conversing with the different people that claim his attention, is the intensity with which he penetrates into their thoughts, the instinct that guides him to their best source of knowledge, the rapid manner in which he extracts the valuable portion of what may be said, the charming haphazard way in which the conversation seems to have been conducted, and the universally satisfied feeling which he manages to leave behind in the minds of those with whom he has been in contact. Royal conversation is usually of the most ordinary quality, for the reason that princes are rarely brought up to think for themselves, much less act with a sense of the responsibility resting upon them. This German Emperor has in his eyes, when talking, a look that devours the intellect of the one he is addressing—and at such times he is the living picture of Frederick the Great.

In the field, however his mind is working within itself, his eyes appear resting; his attitude is that of one absorbed in studying out some problem with earnestness, but an earnestness quite different from that which shows in the bright chat of the drawing-room. Measured by almost any standard, he shows unmistakable signs of a capacity for doing great things, and it would surprise me to hear of one who has not drawn the same conclusion after watching him for a few hours.

It is more than six months since Bismarck retired from office because the Emperor declined to assume the *rôle* of the early Mikados. If argument were needed to support the statements I have made, it would be sufficient perhaps to point to the fact that in those six months not only has the Emperor committed no serious blunder: he has done nothing to make the prospect of war more imminent; he has created, on the contrary, amongst Germans of all political shades a disposition to assist him in carrying on the government, a disposition which Bismarck had almost eradicated, at least amongst those of Liberal tendencies. Finally, he has once more shown our hero-worshippers that no one man, not even a Bismarck, is irreplaceable, and that, instead of fighting Socialism and other intellectual heresies with the policeman's club, he is prepared to draw to his assistance the co-operation of all citizens, irrespective of party. He admits, in short, that public opinion in Germany is worth cultivating, and this admission is worth the loss of many Bismarcks.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

A DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

IN the course of my wanderings over the earth I have chanced more than once on a distinctive American Institution, which, with insular perversity, I could not at first understand or appreciate, but have since learnt to know and to value. In the north-west corner of New York State, on a lake fourteen hundred feet above the sea, larger than our own Windermere, but with a suggestion of its soft and cultivated beauty, stands a Summer City. This city is a sort of parable in wood, a world of ideas embodied in forms that fitly express the transience of the phenomenal. It is full of structures with classic names, though they are no classic structures. It has an Athenæum, an Amphitheatre capable of seating over five thousand persons, a Hall of Philosophy, a College of Liberal Arts, a Normal College, Schools of Art and of Music, a Gymnasium, a Museum with some excellent casts of ancient Oriental antiquities, photographs of Greek and Roman sculptures, and various survivals of older civilisations.

For ten months of the year this city is deserted; never a footfall echoes through its forlorn streets, or voice sounds in its forsaken amphitheatre; but for the other two all its houses and halls are crowded, and the whole is a scene of the most varied activities and interests. Professors from the most famous of the American Universities, schoolma'ams from the remotest and most recent Western as from the oldest and busiest Eastern towns, parsons of all churches and every quality of culture, judges and lawyers of every shade in politics, Sunday-school teachers and every class of moral and social reformers, come hither and mingle with every variety of the holiday-maker, the tourist, the seeker of rest and change of air. The place is a sort of academic and philanthropic microcosm floating in an atmosphere of recreation. The College of Liberal Arts is occupied by learned professors, some of whom have a reputation, not only American, but European; and audiences, often strangely unlike those that throng their class-rooms, assemble to hear them discuss subjects so dissimilar as Hebrew and Social Economics, the Literature of Greece and Geology, Mathematics and German, Modern History and Theology. School masters and mistresses have lessons in pedagogy, see model classes conducted, and hear lectures on the subjects in which they feel themselves most deficient, or have most interest. The intelligent person not sure of his own ignorance and anxious to know something of everything can indulge himself to the uttermost. The young miss with a taste for music can have lessons from the distinguished Master who has come from the great city for the combined purposes of tuition and entertainment; if she inclines rather to wood-carving or modelling in clay or painting, she can have instruction in any or all of these. The parson who finds himself an exile in some unsettled Western or rude Southern parish, where books, or the society that is even better than books, are alike impossible, is able to refresh his thirsty soul as with draughts of living water, and can hear the famed preacher or the learned divine, and discuss the always anxious, though not always great, problems that perplex or exercise him with men more centrally if not more happily placed than himself. The student or college boy, or boy from city or country, who has the

masculine love of athletics, finds in the gymnasium all the bars and implements necessary for the exercise of all his powers, and competitors enough to challenge him to show his best skill at the high jump or the running leap, the short or the long, or the hurdle race, at baseball, or even, if he be equal only to the staider sports in which his partner need not be a boy, at lawn-tennis. And while teachers and learners are abundantly occupied, the reformers are not idle. They take the occasion by the hand and meet; councils are held where methods and plans of operation are discussed, the faint-hearted encouraged, and the enemy rebuked. Yet gravity is not unmixed with mirth; the hosts that cannot rise to the dignity of the student or the energy of the reformer are not forgotten or neglected. Concerts, which often deserve to be called classical, are given, or the platform is occupied by the reader skilled in rendering Shakespeare, or Sheridan, or Dickens, or some recent celebrity like Bellamy, who may attempt a fable for critics or give a taste of some new piece of broad American humour. So throughout its brief summer the city lives its stirring and fevered life, and then suddenly the end comes; the scene dissolves, the forsaken houses look down on the silent lake, and our memory is haunted by what seems to have been a confused vision rather than any substantial thing.

Now it is easy for our Academic Philistine who represents culture at its shallowest, which is also its most selfish, to make merry over the institution which has just been in part described. We know the things he would say, and the superior manner in which he would say them. He would be pitiful to the *profanum vulgus*, too stupid to be conscious of their vulgarity and too besotted to feel its profanity, but for the common herd anxious, not indeed to become learned, but to catch a far-off glimpse of the ideas that make the realm of knowledge a land of wonder and of beauty, he could only feel the most refined contempt. And persons who are neither superfine Philistines nor cultured critics might find in it material enough for expostulation or criticism. The place is, alike as regards people and events, as mixed as either Oxford or Cambridge in the season of the Midsummer madness, when the eights are on, and everyone has his people up, and garden parties, concerts, and balls fill the day with weariness and the night with toil. And the trouble in our Summer City is that escape from its ceaseless and all-pervading energies is impossible. There is no quiet and cloistered nook where the weary can be at rest; possibly it is assumed that none are weary, and all find rest in work. But instead of playing the minute and insular critic, it may be worth while to consider whether an institution of this sort has not a real and important function in modern life, especially as it is lived in America. Our own University Extension movement is a noble enterprise, worthy of our Universities in their golden days, while they were as yet England's, and loved her too well to become the home of "lost causes and impossible loyalties"—things which are in their nature more nearly allied to ignoble interests than noble idealities. The enthusiasm that seeks the people that it may impart somewhat of the knowledge which at once enriches and adorns life, is in the heart of it religious—an attempt at saving the lost; and like all things which are at heart religious, it is in its essence wise. For to diffuse knowledge is to make the people more reasonable, more fit for the freedom they possess, and more able to exercise it for the common good; to form even the thinnest rudiments of culture in the multitudes is to create in them more of sweetness, make them happier, fire them with higher and humaner ambitions. And if the Universities benefit the people, the people will bless the Universities, restore to them the dream of the older humanities, which they once so utterly lost, and teach them that it is nobler to be the living mother of the ideals of a whole people than to be the home of unreal romances concerned with an impossible past. But if our University Extension is good and needful for England, the Institution here described is, with all its defects, better and more necessary for America. It does not, indeed, send the lecturers to the towns, but it brings people from the towns, and from the wildest and least accessible districts, to the lecturers. It reaches thousands that no system of itinerant lecturers could ever reach. It keeps them together long enough to show where the knowledge they seek lies, how to seek it, what problems it raises, and what factors must be taken account of in their solution. The lectures are not and do not pretend to be an academic course, but they make for education. They will compare favourably with those delivered under our own extension scheme, while considerably more extensive and varied in range. The work in each case is similar in character, but different in origin and in method. Only the Universities could accomplish it in England; no university could accomplish it in America; but in the one case the work does not become academic because done by the Universities, nor in the other does it cease to be educational because no university does it.

In order to do justice to Chautauqua, as our Summer City is called, we must consider it in relation to the peculiar circumstances and needs of the American people. Our highest education may be higher than theirs; their average education is higher than ours—at least, the intelligent, well-read person is more universal with them than with us. They have more intellectual curiosity than we have; the range of their mental interests may be narrower, but it is keener; their hunger for knowledge is more insatiable, but their opportunities for gratifying it incalculably fewer and less adequate. There are many large cities, but in these only a small proportion of the sixty-four millions which people the United States live. The others are distributed through small towns and villages, and in farms scattered over sparsely populated districts. In England we have lost all idea of how distance divides and isolates; any one point can be so easily reached from any other, and so speedily supplied with literature or anything else from some great centre, that we can hardly conceive what it is to live in places where thousands of miles may divide us from friends, and the post comes seldom, never bringing news till it be weeks old. In America the geographical distribution of the people is so immense that it represents, with a wonderful uniformity of personal, almost every stage of social development. The level of intelligence, as it is higher, is also far more uniform than with us; but the opportunities for intellectual intercourse are less equal, and often incalculably more difficult. Thus in the Eastern towns where the older Universities have for generations exercised a fine influence, one may enjoy as cultivated society as can be found anywhere. But in the great cities of the Centre, where enterprise is busy developing material resources and organising a myriad-handed commerce, or in the new towns of the West, where order has hardly yet emerged from chaos, or in the conservative and exclusive States of the South, where ancient and evil customs are only slowly yielding to a better spirit, or in the, as yet, hardly cultivated, though occupied, districts of the South and Centre and West, there are thousands of intelligent, well-educated, active-minded people who can find little of the literature and less of the society necessary to satisfy their intellectual needs. To such people Chautauqua comes as a veritable blessing; it offers them a few weeks filled to overflowing with the very things they have for a year or years been famishing to obtain. They can have instruction, intercourse, entertainment enough to satiate the most insatiable. They live for a while amid teachers and learners in a world of new ideas and larger interests; they have their old problems solved, new problems suggested, friendships created that bind them to the vaster world of men and things, and books enumerated that will help them to form

a library wherewith to enrich their solitude. And so to many a pilgrim six weeks at Chautauqua may seem like a period of initiation into those divine mysteries that brighten our shadowy mundane existence. The pale-faced mistress that came up sad of heart from drilling the farmers' sons and storekeepers' daughters in some village swept by the blizzards of the North-West, goes down cheered by the music, haunted by the kindly voices, uplifted by the new thoughts she has found in what has been to her a Summer City indeed; while the lawyer who has to plead in regions where Judge Lynch has only just ceased to reign, finds himself made sharper of wit and humaner of spirit from this brief life among men who reason and who read.

But these are not the only forms under which this so distinctive American institution is active. It undertakes to guide the reading of its members, places in their hands what are considered not the best but the most suitable books for persons who wish to learn. The intellects wasted through ill-directed reading are perhaps a greater multitude than any of us would like to compute; and any attempt, however imperfect, that is an improvement on nothing, deserves our heartiest commendation. Responsibilities recognised are responsibilities on the way to be fulfilled, and it is a thing full of promise for the future alike of England and America, that old corporations and new institutions are beginning to seek the best way of helping those who have learnt just enough to know that they ought to learn more. A. M. F.

OLD GODS AND NEW LIGHTS.

THE British Museum may now be seen at night time, and by the electric light. The Sabbatarians have persuaded the Government to spend some thousands of pounds in lighting up the galleries so as to enable the working man to pass his evenings there, and to save his Sunday afternoons for better uses. He does not go; and no one who has the faintest idea of his habits and the conditions of his work-a-day life could possibly expect otherwise. In fact nobody goes, and there is the charm of it. The light shines alone on the placid mummy, and the still more placid policeman. Here and there a maiden aunt conducts a nephew by the hand as his last treat for the holidays, and what he fails to enjoy in the archæology he tries to make good by the reflection that he is sitting up late. (The entertainment is from eight to ten.) The only other figure is the superior official in charge who has seen it all before, and who longs to get away to the evening papers. While waiting for them, he takes the Rosetta stone as the latest intelligence to hand. The Sabbatarians have done a good work, though, just a little, in spite of themselves. Now is the time for the harvest of the quiet eye and the quiet mind. The long galleries are as silent as any passage in a rock temple. Forty centuries blink down upon us in the ray of the arc light; and the intense brightness renders the solitude visible. You are alone with Sesostris; and, if he had such a thing about him, you might button-hole Amenophis III. This illumination ought to make the Museum a resort of fashion. Someone in Society should be seen there and take care to have it known; then all who are not in Society would follow, and London would learn more of a priceless possession. It would be of some benefit to all of us. It might show us that time is really no more than a conventional sign, and that the three thousand and odd years between us and the excellent Memnon are really but as yesterday. Sekhet is an intensely modern person, in spite of his lion's head; and as he sits there in polished bronze, as clear and clean-cut as anything fresh from the *atelier* of M. Barbédienne, there seems no reason why he should not keep his place for ever. Time cannot wrestle with him for a fall: there is no grip in that smooth skin. He is a being "at the confluence of two eternities," a future and a past, and having seen so much, he is beyond wonder, even at the vagaries of the electric light.

The light plays strange freaks with this solemn company, throwing vast masses of them into shadow, and relieving the gloom with patches of a dazzling brightness. So may Ramses have looked in the moonlight. If he could condescend so far, he would like to show some little emotion at this newest and strangest incident of his long experience. He would like to wink, or it may be only to blink, but he keeps his countenance. So do the pictured princes his neighbours, quietly counting captives, and cutting off heads or hands of defenders of walled cities, as though taking advantage of the new burner to make overtime. Wonderful persons, too, these winged Assyrians, so stately, so passionless, so entirely convinced that the principal business in life is to keep cool, and to see the barber every day. Whatever else is wrong, those beards, cased and curled, are always right; and their unfailing integrity is a sort of standard of repose in life. Towns yield to the spoiler, armies pass under the edge of the sword, but the beard is as well and deliberately in its place as the sun in heaven. The thick Semitic lips above it, and the arched nose, seem also to belong to a person not easily moved. How slow, it seems, to be a demigod!

The Roman busts are really trifling with us, they look so entirely of our day. Most of them are clearly but marble portraits of a gentleman from the Royal Academy. It is astonishing how much the Roman type—as seen in the non-classical treatment of portraiture—is the English type. Garibaldi used to say that the moral identity was fairly perfect, but here it is imaged in the physical as well. The light makes the whole line of heads look like the front row of a meeting at the Society of Arts. Caracalla is in the City—in Tea—and has made a fortune in the Assam trade. Pertinax is his head clerk. Trajan is evidently a country rector who passed with honours, and who pulled stroke in the eight. Marcus Aurelius is a librarian to a learned institution, and, if you will only leave him in peace and quietness, will never ask to be anything else. Lucius Verus preaches against the Socialists in Hyde Park. Faustina has been much libelled by history, or rather by the Society writers of her day. She is a quiet mother of seven—that and nothing more. She lives at Balham, and she is much exercised by the difficulty of keeping up appearances on an income of £500 a year. Nero is a prosperous salesman in the Meat Market. Crispina, whose boys are at Eton, drives in the park every day. She has considerable remains of beauty and is still asked for her photograph. Julius Cæsar has occupied his solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn Fields for the past thirty-two years. Julia Mamæa is the wife of a private in the footguards, and she takes in washing. The honest fellow in the corner, trying vainly to blink the electric beam out of his eye, is certainly the fiftieth lineal progenitor of the policeman in charge. It is the crowd at Brighton, the crowd in the Strand, blended for flavour with the pick of the parsonages, colleges, and baronial halls, and the pick of the slums.

The cases of implements and utensils carry out this impression. The Egyptian tool-chests have evidently been left behind by workmen who are coming again to-morrow, though they have not done a stroke for over three thousand years. There is the mallet with the rut worn in the striking edge, and here the little hand-saw with the broken teeth. You may easily count the teeth that are missing, in the strong and searching light. Nothing else is missing anywhere. All is there, even the latest trifle for the toilet-table vaunted by Bond Street as a novelty. It seems safe to say that you might find a button-hook, or a combination corkscrew-penknife, in some archaic form, if only you looked long enough. The light

brings out the colours of the little clay figures, which were put into the coffins to carry on domestic service in the next world. You take gardener and parlour-maid with you in effigy to the grave so as to start in housekeeping without any loss of time. It gives a wonderful vividness to everything, being in one of its forms, very much like the light of day. Its happiest effects are, therefore, to be seen in the Egyptian galleries because of the wealth of colour in every papyrus, coffin-lid, mural tablet, and signet stone. The pictures are as sharp and clear in tint and outline as the latest coloured number of the *Illustrated London News*. A clerkly-looking person weighs the heart of the dead before Osiris in bankers' scales, which closely resemble those in which they weigh the heart of the living in Lombard Street to-day. If you were near enough, perhaps, you might read the maker's name. The great princes prance forth in gorgeous raiment which is as fresh as when it came from the tailor's hands. Their horses are beautifully groomed, their chariot wheels roll over a pavement of prostrate people, and the king lightly spits a fresh victim, as he passes, with unerring bow. The Ethiopian evidently has not changed his luck in all that time. His woolly head was the head of an hereditary bondman then, and it is the head of such a bondman now. Nothing has changed but the light; and, perhaps, if we look close enough among these countless memorials of vanished invention, we shall find this, itself, anticipated in some self-development of Ra. Nothing is certain, except that you had better not be certain about anything. The sweetest thing the light shines on is the group of an "officer of high rank, and his wife, or sister" in the great hall. It is 3,190 years old, and it is more perfect in modernity and naturalism than the latest thing in marble at the Champ de Mars.

THE FOOTBALL FEVER.

LONDON is comparatively free from the football fever. A few great matches in the course of the season draw huge crowds to Kennington Oval. At Plumstead, Clapton, and a few other places—we are of course writing only of the "Association" game—the performances of local teams are followed by considerable bodies of loyal supporters. But in the Midlands, from end to end of Lancashire, and the West Riding, along the Wearside, and all through the Lowlands of Scotland, the fever burns and rages at a sustained pitch of fierce excitement. A political agitation which for a few weeks could gather at its meetings half as many persons as pay to look on at football matches would be deemed to be shaking the nation to its very depth. At Nottingham, Birmingham, Leeds, Wolverhampton, Preston, Bolton, Blackburn, Liverpool, and Sunderland, to say nothing of the Scotch towns, there is no Saturday in which thousands of men do not flock to watch the varying fortunes of the contests waged by their favourite clubs. Last Saturday the six matches played amongst the League clubs—the twelve clubs in the Football League correspond very much to the eight first-class counties in cricket—were watched by no fewer than forty-one thousand spectators. The excitement will remain at its height during the next three months, in which the clubs will fight for the first places in the League and in the many "alliances" and "combinations" into which the second-class teams are divided; it will be renewed and intensified when in January the contest for the English Cup is commenced in earnest, and it will not slacken until at Kennington Oval in the early spring the final struggle for that much valued but sorely battered little trophy has been waged and won. There is much to attest the genuineness of all this enthusiasm. In the autumn and spring Saturday afternoons are frequent in which warm suns and tranquil skies render football matches much more pleasant for the spectators than for the sweltering players; but for five months at least in every season the sun is never warm and the sky is rarely tranquil. Only those who have learned the truth by painful experience can know how cold even the mildest of winter afternoons turns out to be when it is tested by standing still in it for an hour and a half.

A great sight is a football match in one of the chosen homes of the game. The oblong space is enclosed by a broad black line of human beings, standing ten or fifteen deep in close-packed ranks. Football is the game of the people, and the greater portion of the crowd have horny hands and grimy faces, while the shouted comments on the play are more remarkable for terse concentration of significance than for chaste expression. It is cold and damp, and every face is blue and every foot is numbed, while in the hearts of the more nervous is the consciousness of laying broad and deep the foundations of a chronic influenza. But every mind is intent on the game, and every eye follows the ball with strained gaze from the first moment of play until the referee's whistle sounds the signal for the cessation of hostilities. And the voices are as busy as the eyes. A blind man might almost follow the fortunes of the game by listening to the rising and falling of the waves of sound. Now the voices half die away as the reporters are noting some "tame exchanges" or some "uneventful play in mid-field;" and now the sound rises to a sustained roar as the ball flies quickly from end to end, and there is a fierce tussle in the very mouth of the goal. A perfect scream hails the discomfiture of "one of the visiting backs"—again we are looking over the reporters' note-books—and when at last a low, quick shot from an unexpected point scores a goal for the home side, a great shout goes up which puts to shame all previous sounds, and for a full minute there is a wild tumult of voices, and the serried ranks of the crowd, till then still and regular, are transformed into a swaying and broken mob, bristling with a thousand waving arms and brandished hats. In the haunts of football Englishmen take their pleasures somewhat fiercely. The social historian of the nineteenth century will have to write a long chapter on football. It is to be hoped, for the credit of the times, that in conducting his researches he will not read the reports of matches in the daily newspapers. Every sporting writer uses a supplemental dictionary of the English language; but for steadfast avoidance of all correct and intelligible expressions the football reporter is unapproachable.

Notwithstanding this enormous popularity, and indeed to a great extent in consequence of it, the game has drifted into an exceedingly doubtful and curious condition. Football has, indeed, ceased to be a game, and become a sport, and has acquired many of the sordid characteristics that are the bane and degradation of sport in England. It gratifies the popular love of fierce excitement and of displays of strength and agility, and it acts as a great incentive to physical exercise amongst the youth of the working classes; and there, we fancy, its benefits begin and end. For the game no longer attracts the amateur. First-class football is becoming hopelessly closed against the man who does not care to exhibit his prowess for money, and to become the hired servant of a committee or proprietor. Out of the London district not half a dozen amateurs take part in first-class football. Were it not that some of the public schools still put teams into the field, and that a match is yearly played between the two Universities, amateurism would speedily die even in London. As every lover of cricket knows, amateur players do a great deal to keep a game sweet and clean. Professionalism has, during the last two years, entirely changed the conditions under which football is played. Money is now its absolute ruler. A football club establishes itself, not by training its own players, not by

encouraging the game in the locality, but by buying up skilled performers. Every football player is at the disposal of the highest bidder. All through the summer the managers of football clubs are scouring the country for players of repute, and the prices that are paid are so enormous, and the tricks which are resorted to are so shameful, that the clubs are joining in a clamorous appeal to the rulers of the game to put an end to free trade in professionals, and to fix their price by law. A couple of illustrations of the extravagant terms that are exacted must suffice. A club in the far north has just had occasion to strengthen two weak places in its team. It has secured a goal-keeper from the Midlands by paying him £200 down, securing him permanent employment in a large public-house with a share of the profits, and giving him a weekly wage. A "full-back" has been obtained on more moderate terms: £130 down and thirty-five shillings a week all the year round was the offer which induced him to cross the border. The rival club in the same town has engaged a player from the Vale of Leven at a salary of £200 a year. It must be remembered that an average of two afternoons a week—three hours in all—is all the work that a football player is expected to do for his money. It may be interesting, too, to show the extent to which football teams are now mere performing troupes, and not associations of players in any proper sense of the word. The great Everton eleven, which will this year take very much the same impregnable position which the Preston North End held in 1887 and 1888, contains one local player; the other ten hail from Scotland, Grimsby, Great Marlow, Nottingham, and Blackburn respectively. The Sunderland eleven is now composed entirely of Scotchmen. The Preston North End has two local players, eight Scotchmen, and one Welshman. Notts County has four local players and seven Scotchmen. Scotland's chief export just now seems to be football players. The extraordinary fruitfulness of Scotland in that respect is the wonder of the athletic world. Every autumn it is sadly announced that the flower of the Scottish footballers have taken the gold of the Southrons; but long before the season is over the deficiency is made good, and when the next summer comes round Scotland is once more swarming with agents from the Lancashire and Midland clubs. The most curious fact of all is that this riotous expenditure is without result, and apparently without purpose. Great crowds are attracted by the matches, but no permanent result accrues. Scarcely any club does more than pay its way, and not a few of them are deep in debt. If any profit were made there would be nothing to do with it except to spend it on fresh extravagances. Football has become a mere business, but a business in which there are none to claim the profits; in which, indeed, profits do not seem to be expected, and which is carried on for the exclusive benefit of the clubs' paid servants.

So far as the prospects of the season are concerned there is little to be said. Lancashire will again carry all before it. There is only one team in the Midlands—the Wolverhampton Wanderers—able to make a serious fight for the championship of the League or for the English cup. Everton may almost be said to be the finest team ever seen on a football field; it must win the championship of the League, and though the fight for the cup is usually one long chapter of accidents, that distinction too should go to the team if it can keep up its form until the spring. Preston North End is but a shadow of its former greatness; Blackburn Rovers are scarcely so strong as last year; and Everton will find its doughtiest rival not in the Bolton Wanderers, as was expected a few weeks ago, but in the Wolverhampton club, which has at any rate this title to the esteem of true sportsmen, that it plays a team which it has neither begged, borrowed, nor stolen, but which it has reared for itself from amongst its own people.

ABOUT AND AROUND AVONDALE.

HERE, as I write, the September day has turned golden and hazy. Even the deep valleys are full of the sunshine and breathlessly warm, but there is shade in the woods, and by night the rain will be here, for a broken bit of rainbow is in the fleecy clouds, and the near hills are green, and Lugnaquilla to the westward has wrapped his shoulders in a cloud. It is one of the finest places in all the world. You are always on the heights or in the depths, for this fairy world has no equal levelness. Down below you are between walls of woods rising to the sky, with here and there a gigantic towering rampart of grey granite, sometimes stained orange and copper by the sulphur washings; up above you look from a precipice down through a world of green light—for all the trees are yet emerald-green—and you hear far below Avondale crooning his song as he flows onward to his meeting with the Avonbeg, three or four miles from this.

They call the string of valleys from here to Wooden Bridge, nine miles away, the Avoca Valley. True, it is continuous, but the river winds through the gates of the hills so that as one valley slopes from one's enraptured vision another, fairer and sweeter, is gliding quietly into view. Looking back, each valley seems quite enclosed by hills that go up to the pearly sky-line, and are rimmed by slender, tall trees, looking, at their height, no thicker than a sugar-cane. A month hence, with the autumnal tints, these woods will be splendid. They are everywhere in masses, so thick and soft and dark, that one yonder across the valley seems to my short-sighted eyes like a mighty wall of trimmed ivy. This year the continual rain has preserved all things to be as green as spring. Only an occasional briar flaunts its scarlet, or the bracken turns rust-colour in the woods where the frocken or franglawn, the English bilberry, is purple-blue under the little green leaves.

Mr. Parnell's estate covers a fair share of this paradise. His lonely house looks down on the first valley after the train passes Rathdrum. That puff of white steam far down seems to me not incongruous with all this beauty. It is the one moving thing in the landscape save a wheeling throng of swallows, which seem divided in council as to the date of flying South, and are chattering and uneasy.

Avondale, like many houses of its date, does not put its best foot foremost—indeed, to all intents and purposes, its front is its back. Looking up from the valley, one sees the fine sweep of it, with the bow opening in the centre of two wings. Coming to its hall door through the short avenue of trees and past the castellated gateway and elaborate out-offices, it is a little depressing in the September evening. It is of semi-classical architecture, with pillared portico, and is of that cream-white colour which is apt to look its worst with the master long time away, and at the end of a wet summer. There is no prospect from the front of the house. Within is a great hall, with many doors, carved in Ionic style, of the Irish oak; overhead is a curious gallery, balustraded and framed in, also of oak. It is eerie with its great empty fireplace and the dark pictures of still life, and with all that dark wood about: even the cheery Philistinism of the gilt frames, or the hundred and one addresses to Mr. Parnell, which have overflowed into the hall, and the gay illumination, do not take from the eeriness. By the fireplace is a great basket heaped with wood, but the grate looks long fireless. However, the bright housemaid we spoke to declared there were no ghosts, though it is an ideal house for ghosts, and was rather scandalised at us for asking such a question.

The library seems to be the only room in use. A cheerful wood fire was burning on the dogs in the wide hearth. It should be a beautiful room, with its bow-windows looking over the valley, its arched recesses for bookshelves, its fine mantel-piece and decorated ceiling. That was the desk at which Mr.

Parnell writes when he is here, and in the window seat, a heap of reviews and newspapers, dating, perhaps, from his last visit, for the dust lay upon them. The books are up to the ceiling nearly—all dressed in calf, and finely tooled and gilt, and many of them of rare value. I opened one great volume; it was a book of accounts of the Irish Parliament. "To candles for the — Regiment while at Maryboro, £14 12s. 11d.," and such entries.

The next room is the drawing-room, and is famous for its mantel-piece, brought from some great house on the Continent, and all inlaid in coloured marbles with trailing wreaths of flowers and leaves. Over the door is Mr. Parnell's grandfather, a naked and rosy child, which we took at first sight to be a too materialised Cupid. This room has a curious mixture of the old and the new, the beautiful and the nearly tawdry. Side by side with fine old family portraits and engravings of beautiful ancestresses, are the omnipresent addresses from this and that public body, with their five inches of gilt frame. Here is a console table, topped with precious marble, and laden with old china, dragon-china, Worcester, Dresden, Sèvres. Its neighbour has three emu eggs set in silver shamrocks, and under glass shades, the gift of an enthusiastic Australian admirer. Two or three of the smoking-caps made for Mr. Parnell by fair fingers, before it became public property that Mr. Parnell, like Mr. Stanley, objects to wearing the green, rested on the frame of a fine old picture.

The dining-room has mirrors set everywhere in its grey, carved wood walls—a most ornate room in its decoration, every mirror having its frame of fruit and flowers, and little medallions of painting set likewise, both above and below. A great portrait of Commodore Stewart, Mrs. Parnell's father, stood life-sized against the far wall.

Mr. Parnell is not here often. He is more frequently at his shooting-lodge of Aughavanna, up in the mountains. A bare place enough, for it was one of the temporary police-barracks in the rebellion of '98. There in the big kitchen-like room, by a huge turf fire, with the birds he has shot smoking on the snowy table-cloth, with pipes and glasses ready at hand, the sphinx-like Irish leader will open his heart to a companion, and talk to him of the memories with which the air here is laden. Wicklow is the midst of the Rebellion country. Up in those hills—Lugnaquilla and Lugduff, saw-toothed Carrig, and all those other purple giants—half-armed and half-starved rebels held Lake and his twenty thousand soldiers at bay for many a long month.

It is not a place in which to grow up supine. The mountains make the mountain-bred children as eager for freedom as the eagle that soars over them. Terrible old stories of the Rebellion are told by every hearth-fire. It is curious how we in Ireland take the Rebellion as fixing the date of things. "I don't know rightly how old I am," will say a very old man or woman, "but I was four years old at the time of the Rebellion."

There were terrible things done here about the gates of Avondale. A certain old man who used to live in that castellated gate-lodge filled young Charles Stewart Parnell's ears and heart with the recital of them. Once a rebel was sentenced to be whipped to death at the cart-tail. The colonel of the Yeomanry read it that the whipping should be on the man's stomach. He was so flogged from the mill to the old sentry-box in Rathdrum, that little town a quarter of a mile away. The thongs cut through skin and flesh to the intestines, and the man died shrieking terribly on the name of his tormentor. All Wicklow was in the rebellion—from "the Silver Spears," the greater and lesser Sugar Loaf mountains, walling off Dublin County, down to Wexford and the sea. Wicklow and Kildare were the counties of the rising. The others failed, from some defect of leadership or some treachery. "Ah," said a Tipperary man, well in the van of the present National movement, to me last spring, "they'll never forgive us for it. A Wexford man can't look at a Tipperary man from that day to this."

Sometimes in the mountain valleys—where "silence reigns," for those cottages are empty many a year—you still see, in the midst of a cultivated field, a tongue of land, green and velvety, and undisturbed. That will be a grave, the common grave of some of the rebels of '89, and the ploughshare shall never touch it, so long as the Irish peasant keeps his reverence for the dead.

Such associations perhaps explain partially why Mr. Parnell revolted uneasily against the lot of a country gentleman. In some ways he was admirably fitted for that quiet lot. He loves animals and out-door pursuits, and with his taste for the exact sciences he would have been a revolutionary farmer of a fine type. When he came home after his English training, he seemed to fall well into that life, becoming a magistrate and High Sheriff of his county, and captain of the Wicklow Eleven at cricket. Well would he have administered his estate, with his keen sympathy for his own folk, for whom his coldness changes to a simple kindliness. However, he was called to live his hour on a larger stage. His business faculties find work outside the business of parties. His flourishing quarries, from which come the paving setts for the Dublin streets, are away near Arklow. His saw-mills are down in yonder valley. You can get to them through the park, which is full of great trees; there are evergreen oaks of huge girth, whose branches would shelter a small army—whose enormous boughs sometimes lie like fallen warriors all along the thick grass. You must take a precipitous road, from the side of which you could fall a hundred feet or so; it winds downward, and over it at one side the mountain ash hangs out her scarlet jewels. And presently you shall hear the whirring of the mill through the song of the river; all in a solitude far away from men, and where the wood dove is not disturbed crooning her melancholy note, as if she were in love with her sorrows.

Rathdrum, Wicklow, September, 1890.

THE LITERARY ASPIRANT'S MANUAL.

I.—The Cheques come Rolling In.

IN my forthcoming manual—from which I only purpose to publish in The Speaker a few chapters—will be found a preface setting forth the scope of the little work. Here I need only say that I am an experienced literary hand, who would like to save literary aspirants from the annoyances I myself have been subjected to through want of a guide to our calling. It is true that works of the kind are already in existence; but, though their theories may be excellent, they are not sufficiently practical to be of much service to you young men whom I am now addressing. Even the Authors' Society overlooks many of the most perplexing questions connected with the profession you have elected to follow; and on the subject of cheques, which I intend to discuss in this paper, it is curiously blind to the great practical difficulty. Glancing over the Transactions of the Society lately, I was interested to observe the word cheque here and there (though only printed in ordinary letters); but closer examination showed me that the Society was still frittering away its time on the fringe of the subject. How to get cheques is its eternal text, when what you will soon want to know is what to do with them all.

If journalism were a recognised profession, like the bar, this difficulty might not arise; but as things are, it is the curse of our calling. You have no sooner taken to journalism than the cheques begin to roll in. At first it is almost pleasant to receive them, but soon the novelty wears off, and they accumulate in your pockets or in drawers until your coat is bunchy and the table an offensive litter. With cheques everywhere, it is impossible to keep

the room tidy. They stick in the back of drawers, which as a consequence will not open, and I have even found them in my boots. As book-markers they cannot be compared to a collar, for at the slightest breath of wind they fall out; and when you should be at work, you are chasing them as they flutter through the room. When you are searching your pockets for a valuable letter, you find nothing but cheques. I know few things more exasperating than to discover that the vase is full of cheques when it should have contained spills. Of course, if you are methodical you will begin by keeping your cheques in a box; but soon your difficulty is with the lid, and every time you open it the things jump out in a way that is specially humiliating should there be a witness.

I have at last discovered, after many years, that the best plan is to open a bank account. But though aspirants must be warned that, unless they do this, journalism will soon become a misery to them, the chances are that they will put it off as long as possible, trusting to being able to work off their cheques more quickly by-and-bye, and so to make the demand correspond with the supply. It is a hopeless dream this, but I know so many literary hands who have indulged in it that I can scarcely expect you to be wiser.

As testimonials to your ability cheques are no doubt useful, though otherwise there is such trouble in getting money for them that you will only attempt it when desperately hard up. Speaking of testimonials, I know a journalist who got a post as leader-writer on a London daily by showing the editor a handful of cheques got from various other editors. Some of them were a year old; but the matter is worth mentioning, as proving that if you keep an apparently useless thing long enough it will come in handy in the end.

If you have been much in the company of experienced journalists, you must have noticed that, though mild-spoken men upon all other topics, they become vindictive the moment the word "editor" is mentioned. This is not owing to jealousy (as some say), or to the notorious fact that editors cut all the good things out of the writers' articles. It is because journalists blame editors for the way the cheques come rolling in. What the journalist wants is to be paid yearly, so that the annoyance from cheques may be minimised, for you can carry about a two-hundred-pound cheque in your waistcoat pocket, while a dozen small ones are in the way. But editors, forgetful of the troubles of their own youth, insist on paying every month. Soon after you have become a journalist you will call on your editors (for you will have half a dozen of them, all sending cheques) and explain to them that as you have no bank account you cannot dispose of their cheques. You will get no further. The editor sees at once that you are about to request him to pay you in money, and he explains that it is against the rules. Yet such is his unreasonableness, that he is constantly writing you tart notes saying that the books of the office are in a mess because you have cashed none of your cheques for the last six months. To add insult to his want of delicacy, he probably encloses in these notes another cheque.

You should now be seeing that one requisite to success in journalism, far more important than "the pen of a ready writer," or "an elegant style," is a devoted friend. Experienced men in our calling speak of "the journalistic instinct." By this is meant the instinct to attach yourself to a friend who is willing to "exchange cheques" with you. Such a man is a friend indeed. How he manages it you may never precisely know, but he so contrives that the cheque he gives you can be cashed by you at his bank, when not a bank in London will cash your cheques, though you offer the cashier (a well-known practice) threepence in the shilling. Probably you will have an uneasy feeling that the transaction between you and your loyal friend is very unfair to him, but that is his look-out; and as a journalist with the cheques rolling in, you cannot afford to be particular. To ease your conscience you may make him a present now and again.

It has often been said in the newspapers that to many people London is the loneliest place in the world. Inquire into the matter, and you will find that this is oftenest said in leading articles during the months of August and September. What the writers mean is that their devoted friend has gone away for a holiday, so that they can no longer exchange cheques. To make the journalist's lot still harder in these two black months, this is the time of year when the cheques roll in all day long. Writers with bank accounts are all shooting, or fishing, or yachting, and as a consequence you are (as the ignorant would say) coining money more easily than ever. Your best plan is to follow your devoted friend everywhere; but if he disappears in the night-time, you must live through August and September as best you can without him. Some very able journalists contrive to get on good terms with their landlady, so that she gives them food, and even small sums of money, until the devoted friend comes back. Should she know you are a journalist, however, you need not try this on. One terrible four months, when my devoted friend was away in India, I lived on a man who borrowed money of me. There are journalists so poor that they cannot even get cheques, and this man was one of them. If he wanted the loan, as it is called, of five pounds, I gave him a cheque for, say, twelve, and in a few hours he would be back with seven for me in gold. I made no inquiries about how he did it. The curious thing is that to this day he does not realise on which side the favour lay.

However, though your devoted friend never leaves London for a week in the year, you cannot have the audacity to palm off all your cheques on him (he has his business to attend to), and they will keep rolling in until you must adopt one of two courses. You may give up journalism for a time—that is, until all your cheques are exhausted—and then begin again. This is a favourite plan. The other is to open a bank account, which takes months, but, as we shall see, is worth the trouble and the time. Incredible though it seems, the Authors' Society and the so-called Guides to Journalism, say not a word on how a journalist opens a bank account.

"THE BLACK ROVER."

A NEW operatic version of the *Flying Dutchman* was scarcely wanted. Richard Wagner had not, however, secured any exclusive rights in the subject beyond those given to him by his manner of treating it. It was open, therefore, to Mr. Luscombe Searelle to take the old legend once more in hand, and make of it, if not what is generally called an opera, at least, in the proper etymological sense of the word, a melodrama. Mr. Luscombe Searelle's *Black Rover*, produced last week at the Globe Theatre, is, moreover, a melodrama according to the conventional meaning of the term. Throughout the piece the tragic alternates sharply with the comic, the ghastly with the grotesque. Some unpremeditated absurdities, moreover, result from the nature and necessities of the operatic form; unhappy prisoners condemned by ruthless pirates to "walk the plank," neglecting to take the first step until they have delivered themselves of songs, ballads, and other vocal utterances deemed proper to the situation.

The Black Rover, though admirably impersonated by Mr. Ludwig—the famous Vanderdecken of Wagner's opera, as performed by the Carl Rosa Company—is but a coarse and sanguinary reproduction of the Flying Dutchman. Our new acquaintance, the Black Rover, is a murderer of a bad type; and as a punishment for drowning a mother and her child by reason of the mother's having

resisted his amorous importunities, he is condemned to sail the seas until he shall hear once more a certain lullaby which the drowning mother—apparently a demented prima donna—had been singing, at the moment of immersion, to her infant girl. The Black Rover, however, not being in the way of any music, except that of the winds and waves, the probability of his ever hearing again the lullaby of the drowning mother seems remote indeed. But when in the first Act we find Isidora, who has been miraculously saved from the sea, singing the refrain of a lullaby which has haunted her from infancy, we know that as a matter of course she will sing it in due time to the Black Rover; who will then be liberated from the effect of the curse, and, welcoming death, will sink with his ship into the waves.

The Black Rover is not affected by one curse alone. It is in virtue of a curse that he puts to death every prisoner made by him in the pursuit of his occupation as a pirate; and a curse of his own imposing obliges him to seize and carry off all who may venture to interfere with a certain treasure which he has concealed at a certain point on the shores of the island of Cuba, where the scene of the first and third Acts is laid; the action of the second taking place on board the pirate ship. An attempt to discover the treasure being made by the young lady who knows the lullaby, she is captured and conveyed on board the pirate ship; and she is about to be thrown overboard, when, as if by the force of inherited habit, she suddenly begins to sing the magic air. The Black Rover recognises the melody as the one which is to bring his sufferings to an end, and with the sinking of the ship the piece ought evidently to come to a close. In a third Act, however, new ground is broken. We now find ourselves in presence of an insurrection of negroes; and the lady of the lullaby, who has been saved a second time from drowning, is on the point of being burnt alive by the infuriated blacks, when the Black Rover appears in ghostly form, and terrifies the slaves into abandonment of their purpose. Then the strains of a march are heard, soldiers appear, and the curtain falls.

Mr. Luscombe Searelle is both author and composer of his work. But while his drama alternates between the blood-curdling and the frivolous—the tragic legend of the Black Rover following close upon a kissing song—the music is almost uniformly light and airy. Thus the legend is set to a gay quadrille tune; to which, however, a certain character of strangeness is imparted by the orchestral accompaniments and by the broken exclamations of the chorus. It is clever on the part of Mr. Searelle to put together a number of incidents, familiar though they may be, in such a way as to form a drama, having a beginning, a middle, and (fortunately) an end; and it is doubly clever to set the dramatic concoction to music which, considered by itself—apart from the scenes which it so frequently fails to illustrate—is sufficiently pleasing. Whether, however, the whole thing was worth doing at all is another question.

THE WEEK.

It is dangerous for some people, if we may believe Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be "as funny as they can." We should hardly have thought it possible that the innocent "chaff" of such an article as that which we published last week under the title "A Lady Novelist Replies," would have been taken seriously by anybody. But this has positively been the case, as the indignant letters of numerous correspondents testify. We must warn our contributor in future to restrain himself—or shall we promise those acute persons who have detected the cloven hoof of serious purpose in the "lady novelist's" delicious misquotations, that in future our jokes (when they are exceptionally good) will be printed in italics?

Mr. Andrew Lang's Life of Lord Iddesleigh is announced for the end of the month. It will be entitled "The Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., First Earl of Iddesleigh," and will be illustrated with three portraits and a view of Lord Iddesleigh's home, the Pynes. It is understood that it will be a personal history of the estimable statesman, and not a sketch of his political times. Lord Iddesleigh's personality was a singularly delightful one, and none can doubt that the story of his life will be told in the happiest manner by his accomplished biographer.

A week or two later will appear "The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton," from the pen of Mr. Wemyss Reid. The titles of the two books have a curious similarity; but as that of Lord Houghton's biography was announced so long ago as last January, it has at all events not been borrowed from the work which is to be the first to appear. In the case of Lord Houghton there were no diaries to fall back upon, and his biographer in writing his Life has consequently been deprived of that which is always the best material for such a purpose. But the correspondence was extraordinarily voluminous, and was maintained with all sorts and conditions of people during an unusually full life, which lasted for nearly eighty years.

Among Lord Houghton's correspondents were Walter Savage Landor, Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, Count d'Orsay, Lamennais, Montalembert, Guizot, Thiers, Cavour, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Arthur Hallam, and others whose names belong to a bygone generation; besides almost all the notable persons of Lord Houghton's own day. He was almost the first man of social rank to gain the friendship of Carlyle, and many letters from Carlyle will appear in the book; he was the college comrade of Tennyson, and some of the rarely seen epistles of the Poet Laureate will also appear, by his consent. He was often the host and always the friend of Thackeray; whilst Dickens, Robert Browning, Algernon Swinburne, Mrs. Gaskell, and Anthony Trollope, are among the other literary personages who figure in the story of his life. Of his more general correspondence it is sufficient to say that it comes from all classes in life, from emperors downwards.

Though Lord Houghton never kept a diary, he was in the habit during many years of his life of noting in commonplace books all that he heard of interest in his daily life. These commonplace books contain also many of his own reflections on more serious questions than those with which his name is, as a rule, associated. Mr. Wemyss Reid has drawn upon their contents so far as to give many sayings of Sydney Smith which are not to be found in his biography, and not a few of Carlyle, Thackeray, and other well-known talkers, which, will be new to the readers of to-day. The book will be illustrated with two portraits, one after a sketch by Count d'Orsay, and the other after a painting by Richmond.

There is an odd mistake in Mr. Addington Symonds's beautiful essay on landscape, reprinted in his recent collection. He speaks of *chimæræ bombycinantes in vacuo*, which he renders—correctly enough if his reading were right—"Monsters of the fancy spinning cocoons in the abyss of nothing." But, of course, the correct reading is not *bombycinantes*, but *bombinantes*; and the chimæras no more *spin* than the lilies of the field, though they *buzz* like bees or humming-tops.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS says that MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is the new English "fad," and MR. KIPLING has written a poem in which he gently deprecates MR. HOWELLS' aggressive dislike of every literary lawgiver in the English tongue, except the author of "Silas Lapham." MR. KIPLING, by the way, is about to leave us. He will return to India next year, and finish in that country the novel on which he is engaged. As a writer of short stories he has attained no small distinction; but he yearns apparently for the three volumes which are sacred to MR. MUDIE. It is a dangerous longing; but still more reckless is MR. KIPLING'S ambition to write a play. There is good dialogue in "The Story of the Gadsbys," but a successful play demands a knowledge of the stage, which comes of long and often bitter experience.

MR. HOWELLS says the American reader breathes such a nimble air that he is not satisfied with the sort of fiction which pleases the dull-witted British public. This will be news to the authors whose books are pirated by American publishers, and who have far more readers on the other side of the Atlantic than they have in these islands. Incidentally, MR. HOWELLS remarks that people who do not agree with him are guilty of defective taste. It is therefore interesting to find MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, another American author, commenting in *Lippincott's* this month on the "bad taste" of MR. HOWELLS.

MISS DOWIE'S paper, which astonished the British Association, is not quite so astonishing in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is scrappy and disjointed, and wears the hasty costume of a diary. There is a queer derangement of relatives and antecedents, and too much of the MARK TWAIN humour which makes two shrubs accept "an exclusive contract for the clothing of the furthest hills." On the other hand, MISS DOWIE has a distinct gift of description, which will have more scope in the book she is preparing, and in which it may be hoped that she will spare us such primitive politics as the suggestion that "when the crown of our Empress-Queen requires a new jewel, we shall erect and protect a new Poland."

WE understand that MISS DOWIE is also at work upon a novel. She is said to be studying character in Bradford. It is a far cry from the Carpathians to a Yorkshire manufacturing town, and we are afraid that MISS DOWIE will find the industrial classes of Bradford less interesting than the Ruthenians, who, it seems, have the happiness of being "unblighted by Board Schools," and therefore enjoy "a chance to develop natural faculties." Development without education is certainly an original theory of progress.

AFTER a long silence MR. GEORGE MEREDITH speaks to us once more, and we are quite prepared to find all his striking qualities in "One of our Conquerors." But the style is more involved and elliptical and eccentric than ever. The description of the gentleman who has his white waistcoat smudged on London Bridge is a prodigy of the obscure; and what is to be made of this?—"As for otherwhere than at the festive, Commerce invoked is a goddess that will have the reek of those boards to fill her nostrils, and poet and alderman alike may be dedicate to the sublime, she leads them, after two sniffs of an idea concerning her, for the dive into the turtle-tureen. Heels up they go, poet first—a plummet he!" We are dimly conscious that this is a satire on bards who go to City dinners. The late MARTIN TUPPER used to attend those feasts; but, rest his soul, he is dead.

MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY thinks it is criticism on HOOD'S "Bridge of Sighs" to suggest that most young women who drown themselves are unworthy of compassion. But, adds MR. SAINTSBURY kindly, this only shows that HOOD was not a SHAKESPEARE. Ophelia goes mad and is drowned. Why not suggest that most Ophelias are victims of a contemptible hysteria? This would be quite as rational as the remark about HOOD, and would equally illustrate the Piccadilly attitude of MR. SAINTSBURY'S mind.

IT seems there is a good deal of piracy going on under the British flag—though the property plundered is merely literary, and therefore no steps will be taken in the matter. The *Author* finds that "in at least many parts of India pirated editions are virtually imported duty free; in Australia and New Zealand they have to pay a duty of 20 per cent., which is collected for the benefit of the owner of the copyright." When the three-volume novelists among us shall be so multiplied as to send half a dozen members to Parliament, our sensitive national conscience will no doubt wake up to the truth that an author has almost as much right to protection as a tradesman.

IT is satisfactory, however, to see authors waking up to the fact that their great chance lies in appealing to the people—by insisting that their books shall be published at a price which the masses are willing to pay. At present a new book is a luxury for the capitalist: nobody, for instance, denies that the price of a three-volume novel is an absurdly artificial one. As a writer in the *Daily News* put it the other day, the publishers "give to MR. MUDIE what was meant for mankind." And turning from producer to consumer, from the author to the working man clamorous for modern books and utterly unable to pay the present price for them, few people can doubt that this artificial state of things will not last. Where author and reader are at one, the publisher will have to give way; and, giving way, will find himself the richer man.

MR. BESANT and his Society of Authors have been unfairly attacked on one or two points. But whether they occupy themselves too much or not with the impracticable, they certainly neglect the practicable. The United States Legislature, in the interest of American readers, and to the injury of American writers, will not pass an International Copyright Bill. In this it behaves badly, though not worse than the Governments of Russia, Austria, and Holland, which, in like manner, refuse to sign copyright conventions. The American law, however, allows American writers to publish their works abroad without forfeiting their rights at home; whereas English writers publishing works abroad lose, in respect to those works, all domestic rights. Several American authors publish their books for the first time in England, and thus secure profits on both sides of the Atlantic. No such course is open to English authors; who, publishing for the first time in America, are unable to secure copyright in England. The English author, under such circumstances, is (if he be worth robbing) robbed by his own countrymen—a peculiarly humiliating kind of depredation from which the American author is free.

Now, the Society of Authors cannot force the American Legislature to pass an International Copyright Bill; and the more it endeavours to do so the less likely is it to succeed. It might possibly, however, be able to induce some member of Parliament to bring in a Bill by which English authors, publishing their works for the first time abroad, would not, for that reason, forfeit all rights in their own country. A grievance, moreover, from which our dramatic authors suffer might easily be remedied. No fundamental principle of justice

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

would be violated were it enacted; but an author publishing a piece before producing it on the stage should not thereby lose his acting rights in it. This, however, is little more than a theoretical grievance; as, the better to treat with American managers, an English author seldom publishes his play. If he wishes to do so, however—desiring at the same time to secure his acting right in the work—he is obliged to give a stage performance of it, good or bad, some time beforehand. The Americans will only consent to an International Copyright Convention at their own good pleasure. Until that desirable time arrives, the Society of Authors might surely turn its attention to defects in our own Copyright Laws.

Mr. Marzials' little biography of Gambetta, recently issued in the "Statesmen Series," will, we hope, do something to redress the grudging estimates of the celebrated Frenchman which have been too prevalent in England. Only the other day Mr. Hurlbert took occasion, in the introduction to his treatise upon France, to go out of his way to assail Gambetta in a manner equally gratuitous and ill-informed. That Gambetta as a politician under the Republic did comparatively little; that as a Minister in his later years he failed; and that as a person he had many obvious faults, no one disputes. But, for all that, he remains the one Frenchman since Napoleon, outside the world of letters, who has passed mediocrity and attained to greatness. His services in the autumn of 1870 will never be forgotten in his own country; and it would be more generous, as well as more just, for us to dwell rather on the extraordinary achievements of a man who, in four months after the surrenders of Sedan and Metz, himself a civilian with no legal standing, raised and organised into fresh armies between 300,000 and 400,000 men, won the only French victory in the war, and saved the self-respect of France.

We do not know that it is worth anyone's while to notice the impertinences of Lord Clanricarde. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre evidently does not think it worth his. But there are a few expressions in Lord Clanricarde's letter to the *Times* of September 26th which are interesting as showing how controversy brings out the vulgarity of an underbred man. Such phrases as:—"Intentional untruth of Mr. Lefevre's, bad even for him"—"He falsified my agent's letter"—"He shows himself only an ignorant blunderer"—"His bluster overtaxes credulity"—even apart from the fact that they are used by a man of Lord Clanricarde's calibre against a man of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's, are curious evidences of the influence of "Unionism" upon manners, and illustrate the character of the individual whose mean ill-will to his tenants Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has risked unpleasant contact to expose.

The two-hundredth performance of *A Pair of Spectacles*, last Saturday, was also the occasion of Mr. Hare's return to the boards of the Garrick Theatre. There is no need at this time of day to criticise *A Pair of Spectacles*. It bears upon it the stamp of popular approval—and most deservedly so. There is no piece now running which is better mounted or better acted, and there is most assuredly none which is better calculated to cheer the spirits of the playgoer. Mr. Hare's finished style, absolutely free as it is from staginess, has never been seen to better effect than in the character of the elder Goldfinch; whilst Mr. Groves plays his brother from Sheffield in a way which defies even the criticism of a Yorkshireman. It is a pleasure to see so healthy and good-humoured a play enjoying so long a run of success; and it is not less satisfactory to know that the players as well as the play deserve the favour they command.

The announcement that a drama of which Cromwell is the hero has been produced with brilliant success at Leipzig, makes one wonder afresh why it is that English playwrights have not turned the history of the seventeenth century to better account. Charles I., it is true, we know upon the stage; Strafford we have seen, but decline to keep there; but the great drama of Puritanism, and the striking figure of its hero, playwrights apparently have trembled to portray. Possibly this attempt abroad may turn some competent person's eyes in that direction; for the religious sensibility which keeps Mohammed off the stage would hardly interfere with the representation of Cromwell; and if Mr. Irving is unable to satisfy his reputed desire to appear as the Prophet of one crusade, he might yet achieve a legitimate triumph as the Lord Protector of another.

That literary success too often ruins those who attain it, is a commonplace among moralists, and Mr. Stockton, as everybody knows, has illustrated the proposition in an amusing story. Those wiseacres, therefore, who, on reading M. de Blowitz's incomparable excerpts from the Talleyrand Memoirs, shook their heads, saying, "He will never keep this up; it is not given to man to maintain this level," must be rejoicing this week at the falsification of their fears. But a month or two has passed, and another discovery is tossed to us from M. de Blowitz's large hand. He was at the Ambigu the other night; and when he came out the Post did not sleep a moment until England possessed what Charles Lamb called a "sweating letter," announcing that at the Ambigu, "between each two chairs, there is placed an excellent opera-glass, which may be used on payment of half a franc, dropped in an automatic case."

And even in the flush of discovery the great man finds time to discern the forces for good which lurk in the innovation, and to expedite them with the smile of his approval. "It is an invention which I have never seen before, *and* which deserves to be encouraged." We have made free to put that "and" into italics: a meaner man would have written "but." Is it too rash, in the light of this announcement, to forecast a day when the crying wants of passengers by the Underground Railway, the absence of butterscotch, and the craving to know their exact weight in its dark tunnels, will be supplied *at every station* by contrivances as ingenious as this of which we read?

THE COUNTESS OF BELLARMINE.

FEW rivers in England are without their "Lovers' Leap," and that particular river whose banks I desire in time to make my own ("inglorious lover of the streams and woodlands," as Virgil has it) is not singular in this respect. The "Leap" overhangs a still pool about midway in its course from the sombre moors down to the harbour where, almost opposite my windows, it is finally married to the sea—a sheer escarpment of granite, its lip lying not fifteen paces from the high-road that here finds its descent into the valley broken by a stiff knoll, over which it rises and topples again, as if over a wave.

I had drawn two shining peel out of the pool below, and sat eating my lunch on the edge of the Leap, with my back to the road. Forty feet beneath me I could catch a glimpse of the water, black and glossy, behind the dotted foliage of a birch-tree. My rod stuck upright from the turf at my elbow,

and, whenever I turned my head, neatly bisected the countenance and upper half of Seth Truscott, an indigenous gentleman of miscellaneous habits and a predatory past, who had followed me that morning to carry the landing-net.

It was he who, after lunch, imparted the story of the rock on which we sat; and as it seemed at the time to gain somewhat by the telling, I will not risk defacing it by meddling with his dialect.

"I reckon, sir," he began, with an upward nod at a belt of larches, the fringe of a great estate, that closed the view at the head of the vale, "you'm too young to mind th' ould Earl o' Bellarmine, that owned Castle Cannick up yonder in my growin' days. 'Ould Wounds' he was nick-named—a cribbage-faced, what-the-blazes kind o' varmint, wi' a gossan wig an' a tongue like oil o' vitriol. He'd a-led the fore-half o' his life, I b'lieve, in Lunnon church-town, by reason that he an' his father couldn' be left in a room together wi'out comin' to fisticuffs: an' by all accounts was fashion's favourite in the naughty city, doin' his duty in that state o' life an' playing Hamlet's ghost among the Ten Commandments.

"The upshot was that he killed a young gen'leman over a game o' whist, an' that was too much even for the Lunnoners. So he packed up and sailed for furrin' parts, an' didn' show his face in England till th' ould man, his father, was took wi' a seizure an' went dead, bein' palsied down half his face, but workin' away to the end at the most lift-your-hair wickedness wi' the sound side o' his mouth.

"Then the new Earl turned up an' settled at Castle Cannick. He was a wifeless man, an' by the look o't had given up all wish to coax the female eye: for he dressed no better 'n a jockey, an' all his diversion was to ride in to Tregarrick Market o' Saturdays, an' hang round the doorway o' the Pack-Horse Inn, by A. Walters, and glower at the men an' women passin' up and down the Fore Street, an' stand drinkin' brandy an' water while the horse-jockeys there my-lord'ed 'en. Two an' twenty glasses, they say, was his quantum between noon an' nine o'clock; an' then he'd climb into saddle an' ride home to his jewelled four-poster, cursin' an' mutterin', but sittin' his mare like a man of iron.

"But one o' these fine market-days he did a thing that filled the mouths o' the country-side.

"He was loafin' by the Pack-Horse door, just as usual, at two o'clock, rappin' the head o' his crop on the side o' his ridin' boots, drawin' his brows down an' lookin' out curses from under 'em across the street to the saddler's opposite, when two drover-chaps came up the pavement wi' a woman between 'em.

"The woman—or maid, to call her by her proper title—was a dark-browed slut, wi' eyes like sloes, an' hair dragged over her face till she looked like an owl in an ivy-bush. As for the gown o' her, 'twas no better 'n a sack tied round the middle, wi' a brave piece torn away by the shoulder, where one o' the men had clawed her.

"There was a pretty dido goin' on atween the dree, an' all talkin' to wunst, like Dover—the two men mobbin' each other, an' the girl i' the middle callin' em every name but what they was chris'ened, wi'out distinction o' persons, as the word goes.

"'What's the uproar?' asks Ould Wounds, stoppin' the tap-tap o' his crop, as they comes up.

"'The woman b'longs to me,' says the first. 'I've engaged to make her my lawful wife; an' I won't go from my word under two gallon o' fourpenny.'

"'You agreed to hand her over for wan gallon, first along,' says t'other, 'an' a bargain's a bargain.'

"Says the woman, 'You're a pair o' hair-splitting shammicks, the pair of 'ee. An' how much beer be I to have for my weddin' portion?' (says she)—'for that's all *I* care about, wan way or t'other.'

"Now Ould Wounds looked at the woman; an' 'tis to be thought he found her eyeable, for he axed up sharp—

"'Would 'ee kick over these two an' marry me for a bottle o' gin?'

"'That would I.'

"'An' to be called My Lady—Countess o' Bellarmine?'

"'Better an' better.'

"'I shall whack 'ee.'

"'I don't care.'

"'I shall kick an' cuff an' flog 'ee like a span'el dog,' says he: 'by my body, I shall make 'ee repent.'

"'Give 'ee leave to try,' says she.

"An' that's how th' Earl o' Bellarmine courted his wife. He took her into the bar an' treated her to a bottle o' gin on the spot. At nine o'clock that evenin' she tuk hold of his stirrup-leather an' walked beside 'en, afoot, up to Castle Cannick. Next day, their banns were axed in church, an' in dree weeks she was my ladyship.

"'Twas a battle-royal that began then. Ould Wounds dressed the woman up to the nines, an' forced all the bettermost folk i' the county to pay their calls an' treat her like one o' their blood; and then, when the proud guests stepped into their chariots an' druv away, he'd fall to, an' lick her across the shoulders wi' his ridin'-whip, to break her sperrit. 'Twas the happiest while o' th' ould curmudgeon's life, I do b'lieve; for he'd found summat he cudn' tame in a hurry. There was a noble pond afore the house, i' those days, wi' urns an' heathen gods around the brim, an' twice he dragged her through it in her night-gown, I've heerd, an' always dined wi' a pistol laid by his plate, alongside the knives an' prongs, to scare her. But not she!

"An' next he tried to burn her in her bed: an' that wasn' no good.

"An' last of all he fell i' love wi' her: an' that broke her.

"One day—the tale goes—she made up her mind an' ordered a shay an' pair from the 'Pack-Horse.' The postillion war to be waitin' by the gate o' the deer-park—the only gate that hadn't a lodge to it—at ten o'clock that night. 'Twas past nine afore dinner was done, an' she got up from her end o' the table an' walked across to kiss th' ould fellow. He, 'pon his side, smiled on her, pleased as Punch; for 'twas little more'n a fortni't since he'd discovered she was the yapple of his eye. She said 'Good night' an' went up-stairs to pack a few things in a bag, he openin' the door and shuttin' it upon her. Then he outs wi' his watch, waits a couple o' minutes, an' slips out o' the house.

"At five minutes to ten comes my ladyship, glidin' over the short turf o' the deer-park, an' glancin' over her shoulder at the light in his lordship's libery window. 'Twas burnin' in true watch-an'-fear-nothin' style, an' there, by the gate, was the shay and horses, and postillion, wrapped up and flapping his arms for warmth, who touched his cap and put down the steps for her.

"'Drive through Tregarrick,' says she, "an' don't spare yer whip-cord.'

"Slam went the door, up climbed the postillion, an' away they went like a house afire. There was half-a-moon up an' a hoar frost gatherin', an' my lady, leanin' back on the cushions, could see the head and shoulders of the postillion bob—bobbing, till it seemed his head must work loose and tumble out of his collar.

"The road they took, sir, is the same that runs down the valley afore our very eyes. An' 'pon the brow o't, just when it comes in sight, the off horse turned restive. In a minute 'twas as much as the post-boy could ha' done to hold 'en. *But he didn' try.* Instead, he fell to floggin' harder, workin' his arm up an' down like a steam-engin'.

"'What the jiminy are 'ee doin?' calls out her ladyship—or words to that effec'—clutchin' at the side o' the shay, an' tryin' to stiddy hersel'.

"'I thought I wasn' to spare whip-cord,' calls back the post-boy.

"An' with that he turned i' the saddle; an' 'twas the face o' her own wedded husband, as ghastly white as if 't burned a'ready i' the underground fires.

"Wi' that, her joints were loosed, an' she sat back white as he; an' down over the hill they swung at a breakneck gallop, shay lurchin' and stones flyin.'

"About thirty yards from where we'm sitting, sir, Ould Wounds caught the near rein twice round his wrist an lean't back, slowly pullin' it, till his face was slewed round over his left shoulder an' grinnin' in my lady's face.

"An' that was the last look that passed atween 'em. For now feeling the wheels on grass and the end near, he loosed the rein and fetched the horse he rode a cut atween the ears, an' that's how 'twas," concluded Seth, lamely.

Like most inferior narrators, he shied at the big fence, flinched before the climax. But as he ended, I flung a short glance downward at the birches and black water, and took up my rod again with a shiver.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—Your correspondents, Messrs. Morton and Walker, will not leave me alone, so I am once more compelled to inflict a letter on your readers.

With regard to Mr. Morton's queries, I may state that I am a believer in Federal Home Rule, by which both Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland, should be allowed to manage their national affairs, while purely Imperial business should be dealt with by an Imperial Parliament sitting at Westminster. I am ready to concede the first place to Ireland in the matter of Home Rule, though I should personally prefer to see Home Rule for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales dealt with at the same time.

With regard to Mr. Walker's assumption that I am a "dissentient," he may be surprised to hear that I am the adopted Gladstonian Liberal candidate for a Scotch constituency, where I have fully explained my views on Home Rule at twenty-six public meetings, held in every portion of the district during the past spring. At every meeting but one, I secured a unanimous vote of confidence, and only six opposed a vote of confidence at the meeting where it was not unanimous.

In conclusion, I may add, that whatever any of your correspondents may say about myself or my opinions, this is my last word on the subject of Home Rule, and I still think Mr. Gladstone would be well advised if he were to enlighten his followers a little as to the provisions and scope of his next Home Rule Bill. I do not say ditto to Mr. Asquith or anyone else, but consider I have a perfect right both to hold and express opinions of my own without fear of Messrs. Morton, Walker, or anyone else.—I remain, your obedient servant,

J. COLQUHOUN READE.

Brooks's, St. James's Street, September 27th, 1890.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

SIR,—I do not know what have been the opportunities of Sir W. H. Gregory for observing the history of the Disestablished Church of Ireland for the past twenty years. I hardly think the observation can have been very intimate, or he would not have stated his belief, in his recent letter to the *Times*, that "Home Rule would be the expulsion of Protestantism from three out of the four provinces of Ireland except in the larger towns." The same prophecy was freely made at the time of disestablishment, and to many it then seemed likely to be fulfilled. But the event has wholly falsified the prediction. In the three provinces south of Ulster the Church is more prosperous to-day in every respect than it was when the Irish Church Bill received the royal assent. The services are better conducted; the churches are better cared for; and the interest of laymen has been, not revived, but created, in a Church which they now regard as their own. I cannot see in what way the self-government of the country in all its national affairs could alter for the worse the prospects of the Church. But I can understand how it might greatly improve them by the fuller opportunities its members would receive of discharging their civil duties by methods which would then have the sanction of public opinion.

Sir W. H. Gregory qualifies his statement by saying, "I should not allow that this result would follow from hatred of Protestants, but from the expulsion of the landed gentry, who happen to be chiefly Protestant, by the sale of their landed property." I need hardly point out that the establishment of a peasant proprietary does not depend on Home Rule. It has been pushed on very rapidly by a Conservative Government, and the last discussion on the Land Purchase Bill showed Mr. Parnell more desirous than any of Her Majesty's Ministers to retain the landlords in the country. The passage of the Home Rule Bill will most probably tend to check rather than to accelerate the expropriation of landlords.

Most people forget that no scheme of land-purchase is likely to be adopted which will include the residences of the landlords. Their wholesale emigration is not to be foretold until someone can point out one spot in the world where they will be half as much considered as they must be, under any form of government, in their accustomed homes.

The reduction by landowners of their subscription to the Church has already been forced on them. For some years this decline has been progressive. But the reports from the various dioceses, which anyone may read, are not despondent. Even now there is not, I am persuaded, a Diocesan Synod in Ireland where a proposal—if one were found to make it—to return to the condition of affairs before Disestablishment would receive a patient hearing.—Faithfully yours,

GEO. MCCUTCHAN,
Rector of Kenmare, Kerry.

September 29th, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, October 3rd, 1890.

THE vice-president of a little group of Moslems lately established as an association at Liverpool has written to the *Times* to protest, in the name of his co-religionists, against the production upon the English stage of a play dealing with Mahomet. The rumour that such a play is in contemplation has, we are told, spread over the length and breadth of the Indian Empire, and caused the deepest irritation to the religious zeal of Indian Mussulmans. This is not the first or the second reference to the matter that has come, only too painfully, under my notice. A little while ago the *Journal des Débats* printed a paragraph saying that M. Henri de Bornier's *Mahomet* was being adapted for an English actor, and somewhat later the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave more precise details of the English play. Then followed various allusions in the way of comment, sundry warnings, some protests, and a few assurances that the play had never been seriously intended at all. My own connection with the subject so darkly discussed was intimate enough, but neither did I wish to invite the public to consider a piece of literary work that had no existence outside my own workshop, nor did I feel myself at liberty to compromise the friends whose names had been mentioned in relation to it. Besides, a play is a piece of news circulated by means of the stage, and I had naturally no wish to stale the interest of a play of mine by any disclosures that should anticipate either its subject, or the treatment of its subject.

But now, being free of obligations to others in this matter, and no longer in danger of doing injury to anybody but myself, I wish, at all costs, to take whatever responsibility pertains, in the view of Indian Mussulmans, to having written the drama that has given rise to such warmth of feeling. The play of *Mahomet*, alluded to in the *Journal des Débats*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in the letter to the *Times*, was written by me during the early part of this year. It was written for a famous actor and dear friend. I believe the idea of an Eastern play was mine, the thought of Mahomet was his, and that the existence of an unacted play on the subject by M. Henri de Bornier gave shape and character to the scheme. My play will not be produced by my friend, and thus I am now at liberty to say what I please respecting it. I can produce it with another manager if I like, or I can bury it, if so minded, where many another wreck of wasted labour has been buried before it, with no one to miss it, and only myself to mourn it, and that maybe more in anger than in sorrow. But whether I decide to produce *Mahomet*, or to consign it to the tomb of a still-born, I claim the right of its literary father to say that it has a right to exist, and to protest in the name of literary liberty against the blind bigotry and silly superstition that would cry "Hands off!"

whenever a sacred subject comes within the province of imaginative art.

The sole reason assigned for the irritation that is felt by the Indian Mussulmans is that it would be "a mockery to put their Prophet on the stage." But why a mockery? Is it that the art of the actor, more than the art of the painter or the art of the author, disfigures, or caricatures, or befouls the thing it touches? If not, then what greater mockery of the Prophet is involved in putting him on the stage than in painting him in a picture or describing him in a book? It is true that the exigencies of the stage may make demand of certain liberties with fact, perhaps in the arrangement of incidents, perhaps in the evolution of a central thought. But in like manner do the exigencies of the painter's canvas make demand of a freedom which in the case of a man who is twelve centuries dead would amount to absolute licence. And even the exigencies of the baldest literary biography—not to consider those of semi-imaginative narrative—make a claim for individual treatment and independence of judgment extending to censure, or it may be emphatic condemnation.

I know it will be objected that the difference lies in the medium: that whereas in all arts except the dramatic art the creation is impersonal, in the art of the stage it cannot be divorced from the actor embodying it; therefore that while Mahomet on canvas is merely a figure of more or less dignity or sweetness or sublimity, and Mahomet in biography is merely a realisable picture of more or less truth and inspiration, Mahomet on the stage is the idea of the poet *plus* the material, recognisable, knowable, more or less honourable personality of Mr. A B or Mr. B C who walks the streets and eats bread-and-butter. The answer to this is that the association of the actor with the part in the view of an audience is purely accidental, dependent on trivial knowledge, most highly developed in common minds, and that never for an instant does it disturb the illusion for imaginative people. Further, that if the material association of the actor's flesh and blood is the element of dishonour to a great or saintly character taken from history and made to walk the stage, we must lay our account with the fact that probably every picture of the Christ that has deepened the spiritual life of Christendom has been in great part painted from the flesh and blood of some living man. In short, I claim for the dramatic art that it should stand on an equality with its sister-arts in range and choice of subject; and not only in the name of literary liberty, but in the name of common sense, I protest against the survival of the shallow and senseless prejudice which, while it allows the painter and musician to take his theme from what source he pleases, forbids the dramatist to touch whatever is best and purest and noblest, because sanctified by religious feeling.

It will be easy to say that I lack reverence, and a cheap retort that I prove my unfitness to handle sacred things by the freedom with which I approach them. That involves a reckoning which I have no business to make. I hold that the only right a man wants to touch any subject, however sacred, in any art, no matter what, is the right of an honest intention to do it well. If then he runs amuck at religious sentiments, so much the worse for him if they are true and he has outraged them, so much the worse for them if they are silly and he has brushed them out of his way. To pay court to all religious feelings, as such, is either to narrow all art by the exclusion of the highest themes, or to reduce it to child's play.

The *Times* letter says:—"A mockery of Jesus on the stage at Teheran or Constantinople will excite as much pious indignation in Christian countries, and especially in England, as the news of the representation of the above play has done in India. However decent the play may be, still it is a play of the most serious matter in the world." A mockery! What misconception of the aims of an English actor and the intentions of an author can be involved in this word! What mountebank show, what travesty, what caricature, what fooling stands for the bugbear of a play on Mahomet in the fancy of the Indian Mussulmans for whom the writer speaks? If none, if they know full well what an English play may be when it is decent, and when it concerns the most serious matter in the world, and if it is the initial step of putting Mahomet on the stage at all that is the cause of offence, the parallel with Jesus whereby they justify their objection is curiously ineffective in the year of the Passion Play. The spectacle of Jesus made to walk the stage of the peasants at Oberammergau has not only not excited the pious indignation of Christian countries, but has done something towards deepening the religious sentiment of Europe. Christianity has recognised what Islam has never seen—that art may be a help towards spiritual life, and that the divinity of its Founder is not obscured, but vivified, by truthful representations of His humanity.

And yet the attitude of Christians towards Jesus is entirely above that of Moslems towards Mahomet. The Prophet of Islam laid no claim to divinity. Again and again he protested that he was a man, like other men, with only a man's powers, unable to work miracles, and looking to be saved by the mercy of the Merciful. God was one, God had no partners, and Mahomet was His mouthpiece. The most thrilling incident in the history of Mahomet is, of itself, proof enough that his earliest follower, truest disciple, and first Calife, held his humanity in no sanctity. When Mahomet died, and the people gathered about the house of Ayesha, Omar drew his sword and swore that Mahomet could not die, and that he would cut down any man who said that the Prophet was dead. But Abou Bakkr stepped out and said, "Peace, peace! Let him know, whosoever worshippeth Mahomet, that Mahomet is dead; but whoso worshippeth God, let him know that the Lord liveth and doth not die."

Contrast this scene with that other scene, yet more thrilling, on the Day of Pentecost at Jerusalem, when a simple fisherman of Galilee rose among the men of Judea and cried, with a tongue of fire, "Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know, Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain, . . . this Jesus hath God raised up . . . therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Such were Christianity and Islam at the first breathing-space after the deaths of their founders. But we have altered all since then, and while Christians go off in their thousands and tens of thousands to the Bavarian village where a simple peasant walks the boards as Jesus, the Moslems throughout India are said to be indignant "to hear of the proposed mockery of their Prophet on the stage of a country which has pledged itself to respect their religious feelings."

It is conceivable that the bugbear of the "mockery" of the Prophet on the stage may come, in part, of fear of how the thing may be done. The *Times* letter tell us that the play "was originally intended for the Parisian stage, but was not allowed to be represented there, owing to the remonstrances of the Sultan." Here I see light. The statement is

a mistake; it was never intended that the *Mahomet* of M. Henri de Bornier should be produced in England; but if the protesting Moslems have read and know M. de Bornier's play, I can understand their dread of its representation. M. Henri de Bornier's *Mahomet* is a beautiful poem. It is not a striking and memorable bit of imagination; it does not vitalise the character, or put it through the fires of dramatic passion; but it is not without a noble ideal. That ideal, however, is a Western, not an Eastern ideal, and the result is a drama that is false to the central fact of Mahomet's life, and may, therefore, give offence to Moslems. The author says that the Christianity of his play was the ground of its offence to the Sublime Porte. No wonder; the Christianity had no right to be there. Christianity forms no vital part of Mahomet's life. The dramatic grit of Mahomet's story lies, not in his struggles with the Nazarenes, but in his struggles with the Coreish; and to force Christianity to the front in that story is not only to be false to the central fact, but to step out of the office of the dramatist into that of the moral legislator.

M. H. de Bornier's *Mahomet* is, in part, a duel between Christianity and Mohammadanism. The Prophet's favourite wife, Ayesha, takes sides with Christ; the Prophet himself seems to admit at the highest moment of his life that he was not the last and greatest of the prophets, that Christ was greater, that Christianity was built to live for ever, and Islam doomed to fall. More painful still, Mahomet is made to commit suicide, merely to put himself out of the way, in order that his unfaithful wife, Ayesha, may be happy with her lover Safwan. All this seems false to history, untrue to character, Western in thought, and Parisian in sentiment. But if so, it injures nobody except M. Henri de Bornier. What it is, it is with an admirable frankness; M. de Bornier had a right to write it; I think the Comédie Française had a right to play it, the French people had a right to see it played, and the Sublime Porte had no more right to protest against its production than it would have had to demand that Voltaire's drama on the same subject should be burnt and prohibited.

I can understand that Indian Mussulmans may shrink from "the mockery of the Prophet on the stage" on the ground that it is difficult or impossible for a Christian to put himself in a position of sympathy with Islam. It must be allowed that such a difficulty exists. I am a Christian, and in any contrast of the two men, Jesus and Mahomet, perhaps I am insensibly inclined to regard Mahomet with less favour. With all faculties awake, I see in the mere humanity of Jesus an incalculable superiority. It is not, however, as a Christian, but as a dramatist, that a man writes his play; and both in the life of Jesus and in that of Mahomet there is a wealth of dramatic material that is entirely independent of the religious aims of either. In the one case we have a drama of great strength and beauty, beginning with the entry of a provincial carpenter into Jerusalem mounted on an ass, and surrounded by crowds of men, women, and children, strewing boughs of trees on the road before Him, and shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David," and going on to as base a conspiracy, splendidly ignored, and as shameful a death, patiently borne, as ever came of the cruelty and self-seeking even of a priestly aristocracy. On the other hand, we have a drama full of striking situations and thrilling moments, beginning with the flight of a camel-driver from Mecca, with the assassin's knife behind him, and his return as a conqueror, to break the idols of the Caaba, but to forgive his enemies.

Christendom sees that the material incidents of the story of Jesus are things apart from His spiritual message, and so it goes to Oberammergau to see Joseph Maier enter Jerusalem as Jesus, whip the traders as Jesus, be kissed by Judas as Jesus, be smitten as Jesus, and finally be crucified and die as Jesus. And if the fifty millions of Indian Mussulmans who are said to be "irritated at the mockery of their Prophet on the stage" claim for the mere human incidents of the flight and return a sanctity that no dramatist may violate, they are not to be pampered in their religious sensibility, but to be reasoned out of it, as a morbid and unnatural thing which the Prophet's first Calife would have condemned as a false worship of man and a dishonour to God.

HALL CAINE.

REVIEWS.

A MARTYR OF YOUNG ITALY.

FEDERICO CONFALONIERI. Memorie e lettere pubblicate per cura di Gabrio Casati. 2 vols. 8vo. Milano: Hoepli. 1890.

AMONG that admirable group of Italian martyrs who paid with their sufferings in the dungeons of the Spielberg their repugnance to the Austrian domination, Count Federico Confalonieri has always stood out as one of the noblest figures. It was but natural that the publication of his Memoirs, edited after so many years by one of his relations, Count Gabrio Casati, should be particularly interesting to all who have studied from its beginning the history of those aspirations towards Italian independence which were to bear such marvellous fruit. Count Confalonieri, born towards the end of the last century of a distinguished Lombard family, had kept aloof from political life during the Napoleonic period, and turned his talents and his activity to studies on economical problems, and to the diffusion of popular instruction and the assistance and increase of benevolent institutions. When the Napoleonic Empire fell, and with it was destroyed that ephemeral Italian Kingdom created by Napoleon, which had caused so much Italian blood to be shed on French battlefields, Count Confalonieri could not remain a passive spectator of events. His high social position, and the great esteem which he enjoyed in Milan among his countrymen, called him to take an active part in those anxious moments, and to try to save at least some remnants of independence to the Lombard provinces. Sent with others to Paris on a mission to the Allied Powers that, if possible, Lombardy might not be entirely sacrificed to the ambitious cupidity of Austria, he and his colleagues did not spare any effort in their hopeless task.

The first of his letters, published together with his Memoirs, are very interesting on this point, and contain many curious details. However, every effort was vain. "We came here," he writes to his wife, "to ask for the existence and the independence of a country after it had been sold. We had yesterday an audience of the Emperor of Austria. 'You belong to me by right of cession and by right of conquest. I love you as my good subjects, and as such I shall have nothing more at heart than your welfare.' With these first words he opened the audience. He did not leave unsaid anything flattering and paternal in little more than half an hour of friendly conference, but he spoke as a master, and there was no place for conditions." Vainly they turned themselves to Prince Metternich, to the Russian Emperor, to the representatives of the other Allied Powers; they only found everywhere courteous repulses. Even from the representatives of England, of whom they hoped most, they could not meet with a different reception; and Lord Castlereagh took even the trouble to persuade Confalonieri that nothing could have been more to the advantage of Lombardy than to abandon herself entirely, without conditions or reserves, to the Austrian domination. "From the paternal Government of Austria," concluded Lord Castlereagh, "you

have nothing to fear. I do not conceal from you that I believe your interests to be sufficiently protected without insisting for a constitution which, when not necessary, is almost always mischievous." Vainly Count Confalonieri told his interlocutor that the conditions of Italy were greatly changed; that new currents of life and thought had penetrated into the country such as to render unbearable the state of things prepared for her, and dangerous for the whole of Europe. Nor had he a better fortune with Lord Aberdeen. Either because they would not or they could not do anything, the English representatives merely shrugged their shoulders, and the last hope of the Lombard Mission failed. Italy was doomed.

With a sore heart Confalonieri left Paris in June, 1814, but before re-entering Italy he went for some time to England. This country attracted him, and exerted upon him that powerful fascination which England hardly ever fails to exert on the minds of Italians. It was besides a memorable moment for England, and a visit there at that moment had a more peculiar interest for a man of Confalonieri's mind and cultivation, to whom all the best society of London opened its doors. He went back to his country after having seen a great deal of English men, and of English institutions; nor did his observations fail to bear fruit. A movement was then beginning in Italy with a tendency to cause a great and wide-spread renovation of ideas, while trying to avoid arousing the jealous suspicions of the Governments who were watching anxiously every sign of life. To this movement Confalonieri lent all his activity, and his letters of that period bear ample testimony to his zeal. The introduction of steam-boats was then calling the attention of Europe, and Confalonieri was among the first to introduce one of them on the Po and to make its importance felt for the river navigation of Lombardy. Also the introduction of better systems of agriculture, and above all the promotion of popular instruction, led to an incessant study of systems, and an exchange of ideas which had the effect of bringing together and creating new bonds between many of the best intellects of Italy, especially in the Lombard and Venetian provinces, in Tuscany, and in some parts of the Pontifical States. Almost everywhere the aristocracy was at the head of those movements, which were in appearance isolated and spontaneous, and against which the Governments could not well act with violence, though failing not to oppose them with all sorts of petty but often insurmountable bureaucratic obstacles. Perseverance, however, had almost always the best of it, and taking the difficulties into account, the results were noteworthy. "As to the schools," wrote Confalonieri in March, 1820, to one of the principal men of Tuscany, the Marquis Gino Capponi, "our position makes it absolutely necessary for us to get publicity and the universal sanction of public opinion. Thank God we are on the point of obtaining a decisive victory. I am now in intimate relations with your excellent Tuscans. They have acted most kindly and in the way most adapted to our purpose by subscribing to our Association. These facts will act as an excellent example to draw together the Italian family."

But for this very reason these aspirations helped on one side to increase the vigilant suspicions of the Governments, and on the other to allure those noble and active souls towards a more direct course of action. With an intuition of the future, the justness of which has been later proved by history, their minds turned towards the Prince of Carignano, the nephew and heir presumptive to the King of Sardinia. The thought began to be entertained of an action which might in some way wrest Lombardy from the hands of Austria and unite it to Piedmont. The future Charles Albert shared in this thought, and Confalonieri was doubtless in correspondence with the Prince and conscious of the secret schemes which led to the movement of 1821 and to the consequent reaction of Austria. One of the principal victims of this reaction was of course Confalonieri. Condemned to death after a long and cruel trial, his life was spared only that he might be entombed alive in the dungeons of the Spielberg which the classic book of another victim, Silvio Pellico, has rendered famous.

The sufferings of those unfortunate men are too well known to be related again here in the details given by Confalonieri in his Memoirs. They confirm the story already told by other prisoners, and it may be enough to mention as an example that each prisoner was to have divided his cell with and be chained to a common murderer; but this additional torture was spared to them, out of regard for the murderers, whose treatment was far less hard. The part of his book which has a new interest, and more important to history, is the revelation of the interview that the prisoner had at Vienna with Prince Metternich before he was sent to the Spielberg.

During the trials of 1821, the inquiries had been particularly tormenting and minute in Confalonieri's case, as it was known that he had in hand many threads of the conspiracy; and, above all, because it was hoped that his revelations might have been compromising for the Prince of Carignano, and give Austria the means of obtaining his exclusion from the throne. When the sentence of death was passed on Confalonieri, it was in vain that his father and his noble and unfortunate wife flew to Vienna, and implored the Emperor, who sternly and absolutely refused mercy; but yet it was understood that mercy might be obtained on an impossible condition. "You did not think, even for an instant, that the ignominious way of saving myself could ever be possible" —so he addresses his wife in his Memoirs—"and bless you, my Teresa, for neither thinking of making me hesitate, nor believing that I could be weak."

However, the sentence of death was at last commuted into imprisonment for life, and Confalonieri, who was very ill at the time, while going with his companions to the Spielberg could not endure for long the hardships of the journey, and had to be left behind for some time. When he could resume his journey he was brought to Vienna, and to his great astonishment instead of a prison he was lodged in an elegant apartment, and, though still kept in chains, treated with every consideration. After a few days he was told that he was to see a great personage—perhaps the Emperor himself—but at the end it was Prince Metternich who came in person to visit him. In reading, as related by Confalonieri, the long and interesting interview to which we refer, one feels as if one were assisting at a fencing tournament, into which Metternich put all his ability to touching his adversary, and Confalonieri to avoiding being touched. Metternich made a skilful show of great frankness. "You had the bad luck of being seduced by attractive but false ideas," he said. "You have followed the impulse of a misguided period which is now passed. We have been everywhere, and are by far the strongest, and the struggle has been decided for many generations. Our cause is therefore not only the better one, but also the more fortunate, and to oppose it would be a folly and lead to great trouble, so that to abandon the opposite cause becomes no more a betrayal, but a duty. Now the Sovereign himself begs of you that you should co-operate with us to consolidate the tranquillity of his States, and more particularly of your own country. During your trial you have done everything to conceal the truth, and the judges have implored the Sovereign not to give place to indulgence. His Majesty, therefore, in sparing your life has acted towards you with an extraordinary clemency. You may have believed that your honour obliged you to follow the course you have followed, but everything has its time. Now it is His Majesty himself who wishes to know the truth from you, and one does not ask from you judicial depositions, but simple information. From the trial we have even too many details, but some points remain obscure because the most important people have not appeared in the trial, and they were

in close relations with you. The Government does not want to punish anybody, but in order to provide for the tranquillity of the State wants to know at least of what its principal subjects are thinking. We are clear about public opinion. The people never take an interest in changes except when they are under discomfort, which is not the case in any of our provinces. The middle class likes changes, and must be watched, but meets always its counterpoise in what is called the first class. Now this class is intact in our hereditary States, but not so in Lombardy, where the evil has penetrated through several people among whom you are one, but you are not alone. We know them well" (and the Prince mentioned some names), "and we know their political principles, their ideas of reforms, of ameliorations, and so on; but we want to know some more particulars of the part taken by them in the last events, and on that point you, the only one with whom they have ventured to act, are the only one who can co-operate with us, just as two diplomats would work together if they wanted to clear up some important point."

The cautious answers of Confalonieri, who obstinately though respectfully refused to make revelations of any kind, did not for some time discourage Prince Metternich. He renewed his arguments, turning them particularly against the tendencies of the "so-called moderate or pure Liberals, doctrinal philanthropists, associated for the progress of enlightenment, of universal civilisation, and all such kinds of men of whatever nature, kind, and category, concealed by all the specious titles they can find." Neither the ablest arguments of the astute statesman, nor the most seducing offers, had power to shake the firmness of the poor martyr. The Prince took leave with the same amiable urbanity which he had exhibited throughout the interview, and as Confalonieri himself says, "It would be superfluous to add any remark to this memorable interview between one of the greatest statesmen of our time, and a wretched prisoner, who was to be sent next day for the whole of his life to the most terrible gaol in the Empire."

The remaining chapters containing the story of his long sufferings are, as we have said, a sort of confirmation of the story already described in the pathetic book of Silvio Pellico. The letters written after his liberation have not much historical interest, but, like the rest of the book, are the expression of one of those souls sincerely good and true, who can sometimes rise to heroism, and then retire to a quiet useful life, humbly unconscious of the halo which surrounds them.

THE HISTORY OF SANITARY ADMINISTRATION.

NATIONAL HEALTH. Abridged from "The Health of Nations" of the late Sir E. Chadwick, K.C.B., by B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1890.

THE Scotch have a proverb, "The clartier the cosier," which may be rendered into English "The dirtier the pleasanter." Perhaps other countries have as ingenuous proverbs on the want of cleanliness; but, whether this be so or not, the proverb's frank confession undoubtedly represents the feeling of other than poor Scotch folk, as dirty habits, ill-drained houses, and dislike of ventilation in many countries testify. A clerical friend avows that the closeness of the rooms which it is his duty to enter puts always a very definite period to his ministerial consolations. After a certain time, will he nil he, he is evicted. True, if he were to stay long enough, he would reduce his own sensibilities to the same state as those of his parishioner. He would acclimatise himself to the closeness of the sick-chamber. Yet we have no doubt that he suffers long, longer than he professes. In truth, he represents in sanitary matters not a church, but a class militant—a class that has learnt the benefits of sanitation and is doing battle for them. Dirt his enemy is hateful, or rather insufferable to him and to us. It is one of the enemies of the civilisation which we are gradually introducing among ourselves. Sir Edwin Chadwick's book might be termed notes on the spread of this form of civilisation. Viewed in this light it is a missionary work, and recounts something of the history of our sanitary propaganda. It is, it may be noted, the book not of a specialist, but of an administrator. It deals with the medical man, the sanitary inspector, the civil engineer, the poor law guardian, and the school teacher; chiefly in their capacity of public or municipal officers. The writer is ready to use special knowledge at every turn, but in fact he is rather a commissioner, factor, or agent in the employ of the community for the management of a great mass of general business that concerns its social welfare, than a specialist in any one department. This is the keynote of his book: it is the record of the experiences and suggestions of an administrator who constantly tested existing methods by reference to nature, who appealed to nature against the social man, and, in a word, introduced science into administration.

Since the beginning of this century the English have in many ways re-made England. "National Health" was the work of a "nonagenarian;" for though Dr. Richardson has edited and abridged it from the "Health of Nations," it remains for the most part Sir E. Chadwick's own writing. The book covers a wide ground: the sanitation of the house and the town; the healthy education of children; intemperance and its prevention; statistical methods of testing the health of the community, and much else. It includes also a biographical sketch and a summary of progress in the Victorian age. Touching thus on many matters briefly and suggestively, it is likely to be useful to those who, as members of County Councils, School Boards, and Boards of Guardians, undertake multifarious duties for which they cannot but be often comparatively unprepared. They will find in it clear statements on many points of importance, the neglect of which leads to infinite harm, not infrequently when the culprit can no longer be brought under the ban of social justice, and his malfeasance is only reparable at great cost and after much suffering. In some particulars knowledge has pushed, and is pushing, ahead of the book. The question, for instance, of the adjustment of education to the receptivity of the child is far more elaborately treated at the present time, witness Dr. Francis Warner's book on "Mental Faculty." But for the most part the book sets forth opinions, now generally accepted, and in regard to which the main question is, How can we enforce them?

To treat of the subject historically would be impossible within the limits of our space. The necessity, the absolute necessity of preventive methods is the chief burthen of the book. This is put in every form: physically—adopt half-time, drill, etc., and out of two average children you will make two children with the productive force of three; commercially—a labourer is worth two hunters or a team of horses, an artisan a twenty-horse-power steam engine; economically—on every three orphan and destitute children reared so as to be no better than "wastrels" is a capital loss to the public of not less than £800; morally—workpeople living in dirty and insanitary districts as in old Glasgow were "marked by the abandonment of every civil and social regulation;" and so on. But now, granted all this—granted that under the house that Jack should build, the water must be drained to at least three feet below the surface; that the walls and floors of its rooms should be of some impermeable, easily washed, non-absorbent substance of a pleasant colour; that the air should be changed every three hours; that there should be good self-acting drains; and that there should be a cheap municipal water supply: granted, also, that there should be half-time schools, the school-rooms warmed from beneath, lighted from the left, the play-ground smoothly paved, the children drilled into incipient

Volunteers, and educated in the discipline of drawing and manual work—how shall we achieve this programme? In part it has already been achieved. The improvement is enormous; and the improvement has been accomplished in a simple matter-of-fact, scientific manner. Those who have carried it out have had no theory of communism, socialism, collectivism, and the like, no hankerings after an ideal economic State. They have taken it as settled that if we know the facts, we can create an organisation that will do justice to our knowledge. And the simple method has been adopted of a superintending agency composed of able, intelligent, and indefatigable men, and fair payment for public local service.

We turn from this to recent failures and manifest defects—to still existing insanitary areas: houses to which water is not laid on, which are ill-drained, and the like; and to School Board schools the walls of which tumble incontinently down, the drains of which have been paid for but still protrude beneath the building lines, pipes but not drains, the children in which suffer from, or are liable to, diphtheria and other diseases. Do these things not suggest a weakness in the old theory of administration? Does not the very increase in the size of our administrative organisation make proper supervision increasingly difficult? At every stage we trust to officers and subordinates and sub-subordinates; yet the very largeness of the administration does and must overreach the means at the disposal of the most energetic officials; and often the supervisors cannot or do not supervise. And it is here that the proposals of the last generation seem to us deficient. Accepting their theory of administration, we feel that what they laid most stress on is not to us the most important issue. They set aside the citizen for the official. We must make the citizen resume his place—at least as competent supervisor. If this be not done, it will be found that he fails in the effectual performance of the larger executive powers which with the growth of our municipal system are daily thrust upon him, and our new system will disappoint us. We shall have changed our methods, but not effected our purpose. We shall know what sort of house Jack should have, at what sort of school he should be educated; but Jack will languish nevertheless, for we shall be overmastered by our own officials, and shall not know how to see that they do their duty by him. There is a growing faith in sanitation as a condition of civilised life; and the motto of Sir E. Chadwick's book, and of those who have to apply his suggestions, may well be *Magna est sanitas, et prævalebit*—so much has been accomplished, so much more certainly will be accomplished, if our leading citizens become—alas! for our modern words—good "felicitarians" (it is a word of the coinage of which Sir E. Chadwick was guilty) and good sanitarians.

A NEW LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

GREAT COMPOSERS: BEETHOVEN. By H. A. Rudall. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

IT is difficult to say anything new of Beethoven or his works. But what Mr. Rudall has to tell us on the subject in the latest volume of the "Great Composers," is at least told in a very interesting style. Everything, too, in his well-constructed little book is in excellent proportion; and he mingles in the happiest manner biography and criticism. Of course the critical point of view changes with the epoch. It would be late in the day to lay much stress on the unfavourable manner in which some of Beethoven's finest works were received at the time of production, not by the public, but by a few critics of the highest competence, with Weber among them; and there is now a perfect consensus of opinion about Beethoven, as about no other master, between the two great parties into which the musical world is divided: the Wagnerians and the Anti-Wagnerians. With sufficiently catholic tastes in music to recognise the greatness of Wagner without adopting the strange prejudices held much more rigidly by the Wagnerians than by Wagner himself, Mr. Rudall takes the liberty (as on the part of a professed Wagnerian it would be considered) of pointing out that Wagner was wrong in regarding the final movement of the Choral Symphony as an announcement on the part of the composer that instrumental music was henceforth to be regarded as inadequate to the expression of emotion unless accompanied by the human voice; for, as Mr. Rudall points out, Beethoven after composing the Choral Symphony turned once more to quartets without thinking for a moment of combining them with the human voice.

There are two recognised ways of treating the biography of a composer—either through the incidents of his life, or by his works in the order of their production. Mr. Rudall has combined the two methods, paying, however, particular attention to works which had a bearing upon Beethoven's career, and passing over some others. Beethoven's nephew has come in for so much abuse on the part of previous biographers, that Mr. Rudall—more, it may be presumed, from a horror of commonplace than from any misplaced sympathy for Carl—shows himself disposed to say a good word for the young man. His ingenuity does not, however, carry him beyond the following:—"Scamp as Carl undoubtedly was, one is almost inclined to commiserate the terribly severe retribution which has been meted out to him by posterity. The irreparable evil wrought by him in the life of a great man has caused his insignificant personality to be singled out for opprobrium from among other young men as bad or worse than himself, and has conferred upon him a place in history it is impossible to ignore; so that Beethoven's worthless nephew must ever figure prominently in any record of this last and saddest period of Beethoven's career."

Although Beethoven may be said to have done nothing in his life but produce one musical work after another, there is probably no composer about whom so many biographical anecdotes are told. Wagner and Berlioz travelled from country to country, formed projects and fought and suffered in endeavouring to realise them. All the musical countries of Europe were visited by Berlioz; and the same may be said of Wagner, who, finding it difficult to succeed in Germany, appealed to the country where Gluck, Spontini, Meyerbeer, and so many other foreign composers, had found encouragement. Beethoven scarcely stirred from Vienna, and if he never enjoyed such widespread fame nor such riches as were, half a century later, to fall to the lot of Wagner in Germany, Verdi in Italy, and Gounod in France, he was recognised almost from the beginning by the music-lovers of Vienna as the greatest composer of his time. The French knew nothing of him while he was alive, with the exception of a certain number of the officers in Napoleon's army, who just after the occupation of Vienna were present in large numbers at the first representation of *Fidelio*. In Italy, Beethoven's music is but little known even to this day, though his symphonies and quartets are played at the instrumental concerts so rarely given in the Land of Song. English lovers of symphonic music have, on the other hand, been always in touch with Beethoven; and it is gratifying to think not only that the Choral Symphony was written for the Philharmonic Society of London, but that the composer received in acknowledgment the sum of a hundred pounds at a time when he was much in want of it.

In Beethoven's time music was with the Viennese aristocracy not merely a pastime, but an earnest study; and many of the great nobles to whom Beethoven inscribed his quartets are in the present day only known by these dedications. "Representatives of noble houses," writes Mr. Rudall, "had their private orchestras and quartets; a passion, and in many cases a sincere love, for chamber music stimulated the industry of music in that pure and beautiful form of development which

has since for the most part been strangely neglected." Quartet writing, however, could not go beyond the point to which Beethoven carried it, especially in his latest and most dramatic examples of this form. A string quartet is obviously limited to four instruments of the same family. The orchestra, on the other hand, is susceptible to all kinds of developments and changes, and by the side of his own symphonic works Beethoven's quartets produce a delightful impression, but not a powerful one.

An appendix containing a catalogue of works, derived chiefly from Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," gives completeness to Mr. Rudall's interesting and valuable little volume.

THE BANGWEOLO COUNTRY.

Les Lacs de l'Afrique Equatoriale. Voyage d'Exploration exécuté de 1883 à 1885. Par Victor Giraud, Lieutenant de Vaisseau. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1890.

Though Lieutenant Giraud returned to Europe some five years ago, it is only quite recently that the handsome volume in which he has recorded his explorations has seen the light. The narrative is full of interest. The lakes of Bangweolo and Moero, which formed his objective point, had been unvisited by Europeans since Livingstone's time; and the observations of the latter traveller were left in an incomplete state, owing to his untimely death. The shape assumed by Lake Bangweolo on recent maps, which differs materially from that laid down by Livingstone, is a result of Lieutenant Giraud's surveys, and due to the fact that he timed his journey so as to reach it in the dry season, when alone the real shores can be approached. At the time of Livingstone's last journey, its limits were concealed by miles of flooded swamps.

Lieutenant Giraud, by-the-bye, makes it clear, at the outset, that he does not approve of Livingstone. He also disapproves strongly of the action taken by the British Government in regard to the slave-trade on the East Coast; and, more strongly still, of the late Said Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, who, it appears, treated him very badly. He is evidently a person of strong convictions, and expresses them with a frank directness which is supposed to be the peculiar heritage of the navy. This fact—however one may differ from the said convictions—rather adds to than detracts from the charm of the book, and the racy, idiomatic French in which it is written.

After completing the usual tedious preparations at Zanzibar, Lieutenant Giraud crossed to the mainland on December 17th, 1882, and started—unlike most expeditions—not from Bagamoyo or Saadani, but from the more southerly part of Dar-es-Salaam. He took with him an iron boat, in sections, for the navigation of the lakes. Passing through Uzaramo, Kutu, and Uhéhé, and crossing with great difficulty the southern part of the Usagara ranges, the expedition reached the north end of Lake Nyassa. Thence they struck westward for Lake Bangweolo, which they reached on July 8th, 1883, after a toilsome march through the marshes of the Chambezi—the head-waters of the Congo. Launching the boat on the lake, they crossed it to Kawendé, on the southern shore. Here they found the Luapula flowing out of the lake in a southerly direction—to Lieutenant Giraud's great astonishment, for on Livingstone's map it is marked as issuing from the north-western corner. It must be remembered, however, that Livingstone's last observations were made under difficulties, in the midst of the rainy season, and with his last illness heavy upon him. Lieutenant Giraud did not completely trace the connection between the two lakes; but, after following the Luapula to the rapids of Kiwana, whence it appeared to flow to the north-west, he marched to the north, and rejoined the river before it entered Lake Moero. On the 5th of October, he reached Cazembi's town—the first white man since Livingstone to visit that potentate. The present Cazembi, as he is described as a man of thirty, must be the successor of Livingstone's. From Cazembi's town the expedition proceeded up the eastern shore of Lake Moero, as far as Mlunga (reached at the beginning of November), and thence turned westward to Tanganika. At Karema, the station established by the African International Association—and now, we believe, abandoned—he met Captain Storms, and elsewhere on the lake, Mr. Hore of the L.M.S. Turning southward again, his route between Tanganika and Nyassa lay along the then incomplete Stevenson Road, and coasting down the western side of the lake, he reached Livingstonia, and thence passed down the Shiré, and by the African Lakes Company's route to Quillimane.

We can do no more than indicate the points of interest in this work. Whatever we may think of Lieutenant Giraud's views with regard to the Lakes Company and other matters, testimony of an evidently honest though perhaps prejudiced outsider is certainly of value. Then, too, the narrative is eminently readable, and gains in interest from the really beautiful illustrations of M. Riou. We should call attention to one point which seems to us to have been unaccountably passed over in recent discussions, though perhaps the delay in the appearance of Lieutenant Giraud's book may furnish the reason. On page 34 he devotes several paragraphs to the now notorious Tippoo Tip, and says that "au moment de mon départ" (*i.e.*, in 1882) the latter arrived at Bagamoyo with his caravan from the interior, bringing news that Stanley was preparing to ascend the Congo as far as Manyema. The Arabs were furious at this, and had constructed several forts at Stanley Falls to bar his progress. M. Giraud does not commit himself to an opinion as to whether Tippoo had a hand in the construction of these forts, but subsequent events seem to make it probable that he had.

According to M. Giraud, moreover, Said Barghash (probably influenced by Tippoo Tip and the other slave-traders) did all in his power to prevent the engagement of labourers for the Congo State at Zanzibar, and was only persuaded to give way after a lively interchange of telegrams with Brussels. These facts alone, even without the aid of subsequent events, would tend to place Tippoo's readiness to take service with Stanley in a somewhat suspicious light.

IRISH NAMES AND ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

Varieties and Synonyms of Surnames and Christian Names in Ireland. By R. E. Matheson, B.L. Dublin: Thom & Co. 1890.

The practice of the same person and members of the same family calling themselves and being known indifferently by two surnames which have apparently no connection, is one which is but little known even to residents in Ireland. It appears to have originated in laws passed in 1366 and 1465, requiring Englishmen to leave off the "manner of naming used by the Irish," and Irishmen in certain counties to take English surnames of towns, as Sutton, Chester; or of colours, as white, black, brown; or of arts, sciences, or offices, as smith, cook, butler. While some families abandoned altogether their Irish names, others have continued to use both English and Irish names interchangeably and synonymously to the present day. The following are instances of direct translations from one language into the other, the names being used indifferently, often causing great perplexity in the registries of births, deaths, and marriages, and in searches in registries of deeds:—

Irish Name.	*English Equivalent.*
McShean	Johnson
Brehony	Judge
Duff	Black
Canavan	Whitehead
Gow and McGowan	Smith
Hooriskey (cold water)	Caldwell
Markey (a horseman)	Ryder
O'Neill	Neilson and Nelson
Cunneen	Rabbit.

In other instances the names used synonymously are not direct translations, but modifications or corruptions; thus, Lavery, used as the equivalent of Armstrong, is evidently derived from the Celtic *lamh, lauv*, meaning the hand and forearm. The connection between Melia as the equivalent of O'Malley, and McGrory as that of Rogers, is more evident than that between Bermingham and McGorisk, names registered by two brothers living in the same district, and used elsewhere synonymously. Illiteracy, causing variations in spelling, degradation, and curtailments, account for many changes by which one branch of a family retains a name almost abandoned by others. Thus John Fitzpatrick is known familiarly as Johnny Fitch: and his descendants continue to use the shorter name only.

Mr. Matheson's pamphlet is compiled for the use of registration officers, and records a great variety in the spelling of names as well as those synonyms between which no apparent connection exists. It will be found of great philological interest, and is a useful record of a custom rapidly disappearing. It is clear that family names are no indication of the racial origin of those who bear them. It might be thought that the "Greys" were of English extraction; but it is found that some still call themselves Grey or "Coolreavy," from theC eltic *riabhach* = grey. Mr. Matheson only professes to give a list of those names of which varieties have been reported by local officers, and some well-known equivalents do not appear in his pamphlet. The reduction of an Irish name into English writing necessarily causes a change, which thenceforth becomes permanent; thus a man known all his life as "Nogher na dooey" sets up a shop and superscribes himself as Cornelius Duffy. Interchangeability of Christian names is not so likely to mislead as variations in surnames, but such synonymous use and other peculiarities deserve notice. Florence, Sydney, Evelyn, and Winifred are used as applicable to both sexes. The following Christian names are used interchangeably: Florence and Finian; Eugene, Eoghan, and Owen; Gerald and Garrett; Moses and Aidan; Daniel and Dhonal; Jeremiah, Darby, and Dermot; Bernard and Bryan; Bedelia and Bridget.

THREE NOVELS.

1. The Word and the Will. By James Payn. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.
2. A Harvest of Weeds. By Clara Lemore. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. Aunt Abigail Dykes. By Lieutenant-Colonel George Randolph, U.S.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

Mr. James Payn has, in the three volumes before us, given us a very fair instance of the way in which he writes for the people. There is not an obscurity in the book, nothing which the readers of a popular penny weekly cannot understand and appreciate; and yet it is no string of platitudes, it is not exasperating in its simplicity. The story is the main point throughout; Mr. Payn is more concerned with what the man did than with why the man smiled; yet, interesting and exciting as the story is, it has not the unnatural profusion of adventure which makes much of Mr. Rider Haggard's work wearisome except to children. The characters are drawn with a few bold, easy strokes; the miserly uncle and the heroine's sister are especially striking and lifelike; and the pages are not wasted with the accurate record of the useless results of a microscopic observation. Mr. Payn's humour is as fine as ever; the chapter on "The Spa" is particularly delightful; and, of course, somewhere at the very root of the story nestles a new—or, at least, an unhackneyed—idea. The originality, the humour, and the interest of the story explain its attraction for the people; but it has another merit, which might perhaps escape popular notice—the merit of good judgment. Mr. Payn is neither an adventure-dauber nor a miniature-painter; he walks between two schools and gains much by his choice. He has his story perfectly well in hand; every incident has its purpose, and comes in just at the moment when it gives its effect best. A novelist is, doubtlessly, born and not made; but one cannot read this book without seeing that one of its claims to attention lies in a facility which must be due to experience. It would be no easy matter for an unpractised author to please the popular taste so thoroughly and, at the same tine, to write so good and wholesome a story as "The Word and the Will."

We are somewhat ashamed of ourselves for having been completely enthralled by "A Harvest of Weeds." The incidents of this story are the incidents of melodrama; and we know that it is wrong to confess the least admiration for anything that is at all of a melodramatic nature. Yet, although we have a villain of almost transpontine villiany, a rightful heir defrauded of his bride and his inheritance, a detective of the old pattern, and a picturesque suicide, which seems positively to demand the trembling of violin-strings in the orchestra—although, in short, we have materials that are old and have been misused, we were interested in this book from beginning to end. This may partly be due to the fact that the hero is not only delineated with particular skill, but enlists at once the sympathies of readers. He is such a fine fellow, so thoroughly human in his strong points as in his frailties, that we become really anxious to know what happens to him. It is very seldom that we find such capital sketches of male characters in a book that bears a woman's name on the title-page as its author. Much of the interest, too, is due to the treatment of these commonplace materials. The dialogue is natural and often amusing; and the writing is for the most part bright and spirited. It is a book with which it is easy enough to find fault, but which it is not easy to put on one side until one has finished reading it.

The author of "Aunt Abigail Dykes" apologises in the preface for "the product of a rough soldier's pen. . . a poor offering to the cultivated, refined literary taste of the present century." The story gains in some respects, and loses in others, by being the record of persons and scenes with which the author was familiar. Some incidents, for instance, are depicted with a vivid dramatic power which leaves little to be desired; but the story as a whole is rambling, disjointed, and ill-constructed. It is a very long story; there is only one volume, but it consists of over six hundred and fifty pages of close print. We should have had no objection to the length if it had been necessary, but it is certainly not necessary. Why should any author pause constantly to interpolate into his story such hopelessly flat and profitless reflections as the following?—

> "The story of the lowly worshipping the high is one of the ingrained elements of humanity. In all records of all nations it holds a prominent place. There seems to be a something in the uplifting, whether it be of eyes, or soul, or intellect, that induces adoration—worship."

Or, again—

> "Are we, then, the creatures of chance, or do we follow out a path marked for us from the foundation of the world? Does our course shape us? or do we shape our course? Is there such a thing as man's 'free agency'? Answer who can?"

Such sentences as the above tempt us to think that the author has here laid his "rough soldier's pen" aside, and has his eye on the "cultivated, refined literary taste of the present century."

Many of the chapters are headed with quotations from an "Unpublished Play." We are not told what the title of the play was. Perhaps the following few lines from it may suggest one reason why it was unpublished:—

> "'Tis not ambition, Orestes, be sure. That virtue may find
> Soil and sustenance within a churl's heart just
> The same as thine. Nor is it Love: all nature
> Brings her offering unto Venus' altar;
> Nor Pride—for Satan was no hero; nor yet
> Religion—which the wise ones say is but
> A myth."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Few living men have had greater occasion to exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" than Mr. Ruskin; excessive adulation has been heaped upon him, and he has also had to endure an absurd amount of hero-worship of the baser sort. It is therefore refreshing to come across a "disciple" of the most distinguished art critic of the century, who writes about his "master" with a happy combination of reverence and candour. Mr. Cook—as readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are probably aware—is a thorough believer in the gospel according to Ruskin; but his faith is according to knowledge, and never descends into unreasoning credulity. This circumstance gives a special value to "Studies in Ruskin," a choicely printed volume of three hundred pages, in which Mr. Cook endeavours to set forth the central ideas and main drift of that memorable and even epoch-making group of books which began with "Modern Painters." It can hardly be denied that Ruskin has written too much, rather than too little, and there is truth in the assertion that nothing is easier for a captious critic than to pounce upon inconsistencies, and for a superficial reader than to fall into bewilderment. The cult which has sprung up in recent years around one of the most fascinating personalities in literature, is directly or indirectly responsible for the undue prominence which has been given to the chance and hasty utterances of a man who has never been haunted by that fear of inconsistency which Emerson termed the bugbear of little minds. It is only fair in this connection to let Ruskin speak for himself. "The fact is I have always had three different ways of writing—one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a great deal of what comes into my head; another, in which I say what I think ought to be said; and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head, for my own pleasure." We are glad to find that Mr. Cook is sensible enough to admit in so many words that "amongst the things that come most freely in Mr. Ruskin's head, and that give him most pleasure, are somewhat wilful paradoxes, uttered often, it would seem, with the single view of making himself misunderstood." The object of this little book is rather to explain Ruskin's position in art and morals, than to deal with the controversial aspects of his work and teaching. Happily the time has not come for an estimate of Mr. Ruskin's life and character, but many interesting glimpses will be found in these pages which incidentally throw light on the personal characteristics of the distinguished thinker, as well as on the method which underlies what some silly people seem determined to regard as his "madness." We think that Mr. Cook contrives to put the matter in a nut-shell, when he asserts that Ruskin took the "gospel" of truth, sincerity, and nobleness as he had learnt it from Carlyle, and applied it in a realm with which the sage of Chelsea had neither part nor lot. Afterwards Ruskin founded his "gospel of art upon principles of life," and turned its white light upon the "besetting materialism and commercialism of his age." In the concluding chapters of this interesting and temperately written book, Mr. Ruskin's relationship with the Working Men's College, the St. George's Guild, the booksellers, and industrial experiments of various kinds, are clearly explained. The volume contains a portrait, and a number of welcome illustrations.

The latest addition to the familiar "Pen and Pencil" series of illustrated books of travel is "Greek Pictures," by Professor Mahaffy. Cheap and ambitious gift-books of this sort sometimes prove on examination very unsatisfactory, and it is difficult to banish the suspicion that the illustrations have suggested the letterpress, and that literature has thus been made in an ignoble sense the handmaid of art. No such opinion, we make haste to add, will be arrived at by anyone who takes the trouble to read the slight, but by no means superficial, chapters in which Professor Mahaffy describes the outward aspect and social condition of modern Greece, or recalls the more memorable historical incidents which adorn its imperishable annals. The book is not intended for the student or the specialist; on the contrary, though popular in aim and scope, it is not written carelessly, or in the too familiar *ad captandum* strain. So far as the ordinary tourist is concerned, Greece—thanks largely to the reign of terror which the brigands have established, as well as to the inadequate means of locomotion—is comparatively still unvisited. Professor Mahaffy deplores the fact that no great painter has endeavoured to reproduce the beauty of its landscapes, and even the photographer with his "cold travesties of light and colour" has yet done but little to render the characteristics of a land, which is described in these pages as the "fairest and most fascinating of all the countries in Europe," known to fireside travellers. The book touches lightly—and chiefly by way of graceful passing allusion—on the Art treasures of Greece, as well as on the part which the nation has played in the intellectual development of the world. There are a number of illustrations in the volume, but whilst many of them are excellent, we regret the inclusion in the work of not a few of inferior merit.

Authors and publishers, and a good many of the folks for whom they cater, are certain to appreciate Mr. Edward Marston's genial and gossiping description of "How Stanley wrote 'In Darkest Africa.'" The dainty booklet is the expansion of a magazine article, revised by the light of later experience. It gives a graphic and amusing account of its author's experiences in Cairo, during the busy and anxious weeks when he mounted guard over the explorer and helped to keep inquisitive bores at bay, whilst Stanley, with indomitable resolution, busied himself with the book, for which it is scarcely too much to say the whole civilised world was clamouring. The hero of the hour was deluged with letters and telegrams containing advice gratis, and all sorts of absurd and sometimes impudent proposals. Mr. Marston quotes one telegram which duly exhorted the travel-worn explorer not to kill himself in the interests of either the makers or readers of books. It ran to this effect:—"Don't let the publishers or the lecture-bureau chaps worry you to death, simply because the world wants to know more fully, and by next week if possible, what you have done." Mr. Marston admits the wisdom of this advice, but all the same he kept the African lion pegging away, and stubbornly refused to quit Cairo until half of the precious manuscript had been safely consigned to his own portmanteau. There are some droll additional illustrations in the book representing Mr. Marston's mild adventures at Cairo on his first arrival in that city.

We have received the first volume of *The Expository Times*, a new magazine primarily intended for preachers and Bible-students. Amongst the contributors are Professor Sanday, Principal Rainy, Dr. R. W. Dale, Dr. Parker, Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Rothe, the Rev. G. A. Smith, and other well-known theologians of the Evangelical school. The magazine contains practical papers on various departments of pulpit work, and critical expositions of difficult passages of Scripture. Brief reviews of theological books are also given, as well as hints for Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers. A bright and hopeful tone pervades the magazine, and we imagine that it will prove of real service in many a country parsonage, or village manse.

"The Girdle of the Globe" is a tremendously and terribly Scotch effusion: it is introduced by the design of a guardian thistle, with the usual device "Nemo me impune lacessit," a threat which we should venture to neglect were "Ralph's" book worthy of serious consideration. But it is not worthy; it is full of blunders; and the greatest is, that he should describe his doggerel as "a poem." Dr. Johnson defines doggerel as "vile, despicable, mean," as "worthless verses," and, if we quote "Ralph's" opening verse, our readers will probably agree with us about the correctness of Dr. Johnson's definition:—

> "It was with the P. and O.
> That I booked myself to go,
> In their good ship the *Victoria* hight;
> To go round and see the world,
> With my gallant sails unfurled,
> And to witness how it twisted in its flight."

This kind of writing, with no humour to redeem it, and varied only by an occasional song in metres equally wretched, continues through the three hundred and fifty pages of "Ralph's" cantos. In the first canto the author describes his sea-sickness with his usual tediousness, and with disgusting minuteness. It is difficult to say whether the bad taste of this, or of the binding of his volume, is the greater outrage to his readers.

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* Studies in Ruskin: Some Aspects of the Work and Teaching of John Ruskin. By Edward T. Cook, M.A. Illustrated. Orpington and London: George Allen. Crown 8vo.

Greek Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By P. Mahaffy, M.A., D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society. Imperial 8vo. (8s.)

How Stanley Wrote "In Darkest Africa": A Trip to Egypt and Back. By E. Marston. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. 12mo. (1s.)

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. J. Hastings, M.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George Street. Small 4to. (4s.)

The Girdle of the Globe: or, The Voyage of "Mister Muckle-mouth." Being a Poem descriptive of Toil and Travel round the World. In ten Cantos. By Ralph.

NOTICE.

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